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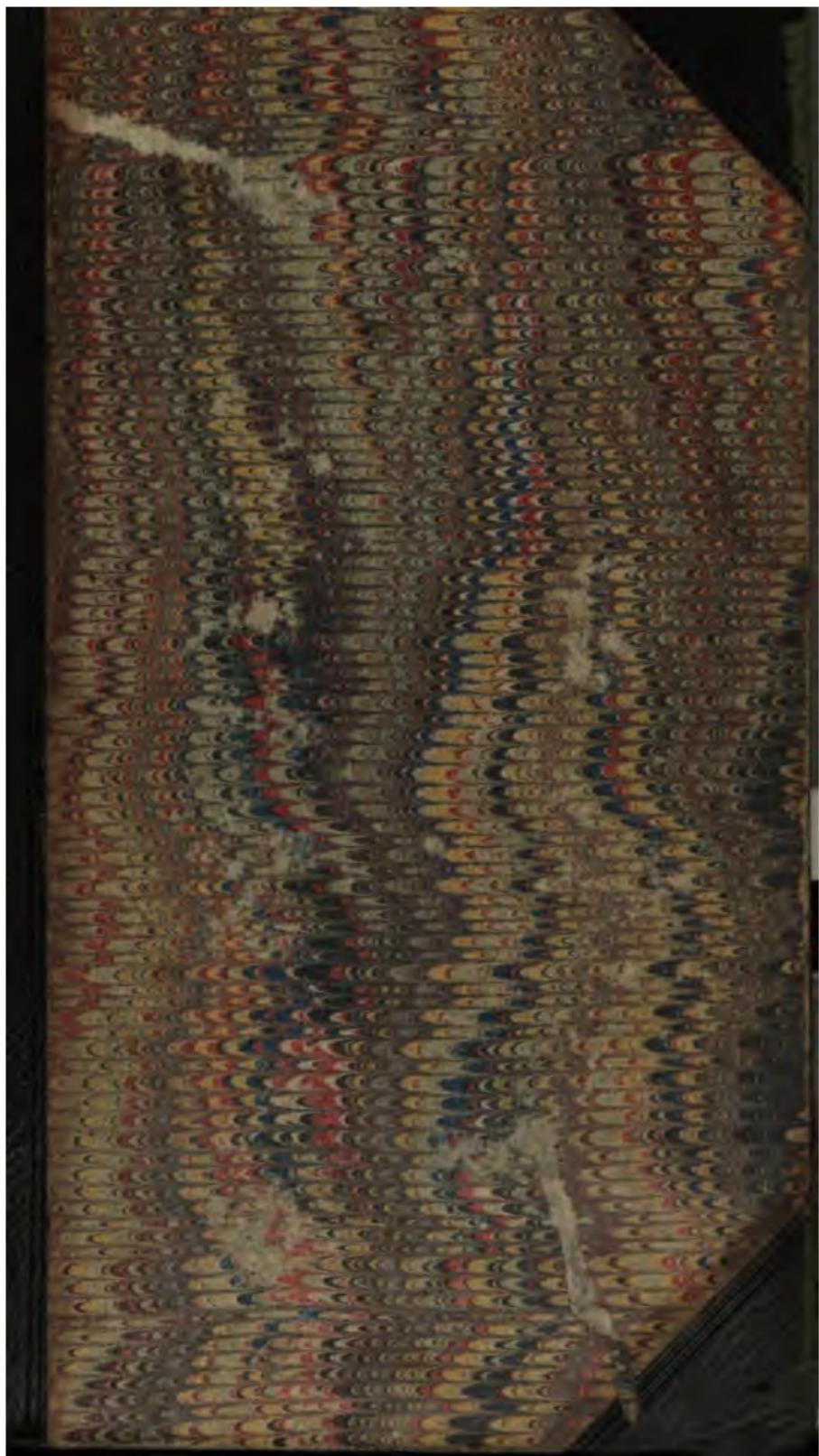
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THE
BRITISH POETS.

One Hundred Volumes.

VOL. XLIV.



THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING

TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

XLIV.

THOMSON, VOL. II. COLLINS.

CHISWICK:

**Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;**

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1822.



THE
POEMS
OF
THOMSON, VOL. II.—AND COLLINS.

Chiswick :
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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POEMS

BY

James Thomson.

VOL. II.



BRITANNIA.

—Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili pena commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro:
Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum. — VIRG.

As on the sea-beat shore Britannia sat,
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving sad:
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak surge blew;
Loose flow'd her tresses; rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep from her majestic brow
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.
Nor ceased the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
Nor ceased her sobs to murmur to the main.
Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
Her dove-like wings: and War, though greatly
roused,
Yet mourns his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen
Of nations spoke; and what she said the Muse
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.
‘E'en not yon sail, that from the sky-mix'd wave,
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the royal youth¹;
A freight of future glory to my shore;

¹ Frederic Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

E'en not the flattering view of golden days,
And rising periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the parents, and their endless line
Through late revolving time; can soothe my rage;
While, unchastised, the insulting Spaniard dares
Infest the trading flood, full of vain war
Despise my navies, and my merchants seize;
As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
The world of waters wild; made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
This tame beseeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And sail'd my fleets for this; on Indian tides
To float, inactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot disease,
And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,
For action ardent; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, sunk them in a watery grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends, and country, unavenged;
And back the drooping war ship comes again,
Dispirited, and thin; her sons ashamed
Thus idly to review their native shore;
With not one glory sparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,
The violated merchant comes along;
That far sought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and sweat beneath equator suns,
By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon
Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
Were once the British lion heard to roar,

Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-asserted element,
Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main?
Who told him, that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In smoky ruin? and his guilty stores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unatoned, sunk in the swallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?

‘ There was a time (Oh let my languid sons
Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the labouring surge; like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.
Gaily the splendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As sunk the Sun, o'er all the flaming vast;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
Of easy conquest; while their bloated war,
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.
But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy few,
With tempests black, the goodly scene deform'd,
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate
Resistless thunder'd through their yielding sides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blazed the lurid flame;
And seized in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.
Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,

And pointed rock, that marks the' indented shore,
Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
Howls through the fractured Caledonian isles.

‘ Such were the dawning of my watery reign ;
But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
E'en in those troubled times, when dreadful Blake
Awed angry nations with the British name,
Let every humbled state, let Europe say,
Sustain'd, and balanced, by my naval arm.
Ah, what must those immortal spirits think
Of your poor shifts ? Those, for their country's good,
Who faced the blackest danger, knew no fear,
No mean submission, but commanded peace.
Ah, how with indignation must they burn ?
(If aught, but joy can touch ethereal breasts)
With shame ? with grief ? to see their feeble sons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
For which their wisdom plann'd, their councils
glow'd,

And their veins bled through many a toiling age.

‘ Oh, first of human blessings ! and supreme !
Fair Peace ! how lovely, how delightful thou !
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men,
Like brothers live, in amity combined,
And unsuspecting faith ; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine, but usurps.
Pure is thy reign ; when, unaccursed by blood,
Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
Trickling distils into the vernant glebe ;
Instead of mangled carcasses, sad seen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field ;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound ;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,

The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace! thou source and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Bless'd be the man divine, who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheathes the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-piled armoury returns;
And every vigour, from the work of death,
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Unviolated, him the virgin sings;
And him the smiling mother to her train.
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chants; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
Beneath the trembling Moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.
Nor joys one land alone: his praise extends
Far as the Sun rolls the diffusive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the song. [thee?

‘ What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for
What painful patience? What incessant care?
What mix'd anxiety? What sleepless toil?
E'en, from the rash protected, what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendship he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more
Inevitable war; when ruffian force

Awakes the fury of an injured state.
E'en the good patient man, whom reason rules,
Roused by bold Insult, and injurious Rage,
With sharp and sudden check, the' astonish'd sons
Of Violence confounds ; firm as his cause,
His bolder heart; in awful justice clad ;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire :
And, as he charges through the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men, no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

‘ And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire
you more,
Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
The least beginning injury receives ?
What better cause can call your lightning forth ?
Your thunder wake ? your dearest life demand ?
What better cause, than when your country sees
The sly destruction at her vitals aim'd ?
For oh ! it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force
And honour of your fleets ; o'er that to watch,
E'en with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair ;
But on the sea be terrible, untamed,
Unconquerable still : let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away ?
And is a Briton seized ? and seized beneath
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet ?
Then ardent rise ! Oh, great in vengeance rise !
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore :
And as you ride sublimely round the world,

Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory: this your wisdom; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest state,
That e'er was seated on the subject sea;
A state, alone, where Liberty should live,
In these late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolved.
For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown;
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts
Swell with a sullen courage, growing still
As danger grows; and strength, and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By lavish Nature thrust into your hand:
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Where'er the wind your high behests can blow;
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulf,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And should the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten thousand thousand labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land;
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point

Its course another way, o'er other lands
The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,
With all around a miserable waste.
Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy vision piled, in one wide flash
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain;
(Whence wondering fable traced him from the sky)
E'en not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void; than of her trade deprived,
Britons, your boasted isle: her princes sunk;
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust;
Unnerved her force; her spirit vanish'd quite;
With rapid wing her riches fled away;
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
Of what she was; her merchants scatter'd wide;
Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
The cheerful voice of labour heard no more.

‘ Oh, let not then waste Luxury impair
That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves,
And your own proper happiness creates!
Oh, let not the soft, penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind! and working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of Liberty; the high conception blast;
The noble sentiment, the impatient scorn

Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
For general good, erasing from the mind :
While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
And low design, the sneaking passions all
Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.
Induced at last, by scarce-perceived degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government,
And life, a total dissolution comes ;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear.
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes ;
The human being almost quite extinct ;
And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
Oh, shun that gulf : that gaping ruin shun !
And countless ages roll it far away
From you, ye Heaven-beloved ! May Liberty,
The light of life ! the sun of humankind !
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
E'en where the keen depressive North descends,
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers !
While slavish southern climates beam in vain.
And may a public spirit from the throne,
Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land ! the finer arts inspire ;
Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,
Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice,
And the rough sons of lowest Labour smile.
As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd West
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty, o'er the world.
‘ But haste we from these melancholy shores,
Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint
Pour weak ; the country claims our active aid ;
Then let us roam ; and where we find a spark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.

**Lo ! now my sons, the sons of freedom ! meet
In awful senate ; thither let us fly ;
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearless truth ; myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of Britannia round.'**

This said ; her fleeting form, and airy train,
Sunk in the gale ; and nought but ragged rocks
Rush'd on the broken eye ; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

LIBERTY.

PART I.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY COMPARED.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which your Royal Highness received the following poem under your protection; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author; and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people: to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the first ages down to her excellent establishment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highness; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it; I have my best reward: particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's
most obedient
and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.



Contents.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical Vision. Its scene, the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears characterized as British Liberty. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory. This contrasted by modern Italy ; its valleys, mountains, culture, cities, people : the difference appearing strongest in the capital city Rome. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression ; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. The old Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy ; Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baiae, how changed. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain. Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitutes the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain ; whose happiness, arising from freedom, and a limited monarchy, she marks. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

LIBERTY.

PART I.

O MY lamented Talbot ! while with thee
The Muse gay roved the glad Hesperian round,
And drew the inspiring breath of ancient arts ;
Ah ! little thought she her returning verse
Should sing our darling subject to thy shade.
And does the mystic veil, from mortal beam,
Involve those eyes where every virtue smiled,
And all thy Father's candid spirit shone,
The light of Reason, pure, without a cloud ;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard ;
Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.
But to the death of mighty nations turn
My strain ; be there absorb'd the private tear.

Musing, I lay ; warm from the sacred walks,
Where at each step imagination burns :
While scatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,
Lies a vast monument, once glorious Rome,
The tomb of empire ! Ruins ! that efface
Whate'er, of finish'd, modern pomp can boast.

Snatch'd by these wonders to that world where
Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand [thought
Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,
Still in **the** mind's pure eye more solemn dress'd :

When straight, methought, the fair majestic power
Of Liberty appear'd. Not, as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life:
But her bright temples bound with British oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow.

Sublime of port: loose o'er her shoulder flow'd
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
An island goddess now; and her high care
The queen of isles, the mistress of the main.
My heart beat filial transport at the sight;
And, as she moved to speak, the' awaken'd Muse
Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her sighs repressing, thus began:

‘ Mine are these wonders, all thou see'st is mine;
But ah, how changed! the falling poor remains
Of what exalted once the' Ausonian shore.
Look back through time: and, rising from the
gloom,

Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.

‘ The great Republic see! that glow'd, sublime,
With the mix'd freedom of a thousand states;
Raised on the thrones of kings her curule chair,
And by her fasces awed the subject world.
See busy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high:
For Nature then smiled on her free-born sons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to men.
Behold, the country cheering, villas rise,
In lively prospect; by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost, and streams renown'd in song;
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale;

On Baiae's viny coast ; where peaceful seas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore ;
And suns unclouded shine, through purest air :
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome ;
Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade ;
To where Prænestè lifts her airy brow ;
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,
Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

‘ See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads ;
By various nations trod, and suppliant kings ;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

‘ Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
The pride of Earth ! Rome in her glory see !
Behold her demigods, in senate met ;
All head to counsel, and all heart to act :
The commonweal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbribed, and bold ;
Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd
To rank obedient to a master's voice.

‘ Her Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires¹,
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the state.
See Justice judging there, in human shape.
Hark ! how with Freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

‘ Her tribes, her census, see ; her generous troops,

¹ *Lucius Junius Brutus, and Virginius.*

Whose pay was glory, and their best reward,
Free for their country and for me to die ;
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

‘ Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

‘ Her festive games, the school of heroes, see ;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth :
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty’s eldest born,
And of a people cast in virtue’s mould :
While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar’d dome :
All that to Roman strength the softer touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this sun, this centre of mankind ;
Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
Attracted strong, in heighten’d lustre met.

‘ Need I the contrast mark ? unjoyous view !
A land in all, in government, and arts,
In virtue, genius, earth, and heaven, reversed.
Who but for these far-famed ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims
Soar’d far above the little selfish sphere
Of doubting modern life ; who but inflamed
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
Of men and deeds to trace ; unhappy land,
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway ?

‘ Are these the vales, that, once, exulting states
In their warm bosom fed ? The mountains these
On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,
I bred to glory ? These dejected towns,
Where, mean and sordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp ?

‘ Come ! by whatever sacred name disguised,

Oppression, come ! and in thy works rejoice !
See Nature's richest plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds,
See razed the' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough ;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe,
'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champaign flies.
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one desert, desolate, and gray,
Grazed by the sullen buffalo alone ;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er the' abandon'd waste ;
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.

‘ Such thy dire plains, thou self-destroyer ! foe
To humankind ! thy mountains too, profuse,
Where savage Nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
To raise against thy desolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving states
And famous cities, once, to the pleased sun,
Far other scenes of rising culture spread,
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
Each harvest pines ; the livid, lean produce
Of heartless labour : while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleasure, lift thy lazy hand.
Better to sink in sloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence, drooping art almost to Nature leaves

The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray.
To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine ;
Nor juice Cæcubian, or Falernian, more,
Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl.
Unseconded by art, the spinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows ;
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.
Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines :
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

‘ Nor half thy triumph this: cast, from brute
fields,
Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye,
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn ;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean convenience reigns ; e'en sleep itself,
Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk ! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
See streets whose echoes never know the voice
Of cheerful hurry, commerce many-tongued,
And art mechanic at his various task,
Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope ;
Hope, the glad ray, glanced from Eternal Good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune——madness all to them !
By thee relentless seized their better joys,
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,



Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and music melt their souls away.
From feeble Justice, see how rash Revenge,
Trembling, the balance snatches; and the sword,
Fearful himself, to venal russians gives.
See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,
With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.

‘ But chief let Rome, the mighty city ! speak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,
Expiring Nature all corrupted round ;
While the lone Tiber, through the desert plain,
Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares ; and, artful dress'd,
Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnific gaol,
Proud want ; a deep unanimated gloom !
And oft adjoining to the drear abode
Of misery, whose melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the city bounds, the desert see.
See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
Indecent, spread ; beneath whose fretted gold
It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
Matchless, while fired by me ; to public good
Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
Elate with glory, an heroic soul
Known to the vulgar breast : behold them now
A thin despairing number, all-subdued,
The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
By vice unmann'd, and a licentious rule ;

In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
 Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
 Thy sons, Oppression, are ; and such were MINE.
 ' E'en with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain
 show

Deluded thousands starve ; all age-begrimed,
 Torn, robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks,
 And by the tempest of two thousand years
 Continual shaken, let my ruins vie.

These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,
 Beyond the weak repair of modern toil ;
 These fractured arches, that the chiding stream
 No more delighted hear ; these rich remains
 Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbibed
 Each parent ray ; these massy columns, hew'd
 From Afric's farthest shore ; one granite all,
 These obelisks high-towering to the sky,
 Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore ;
 These endless wonders that this sacred ² way
 Illumine still, and consecrate to fame ;
 These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charged
 With the fine stores of art-completing Greece.
 Mine is, besides, thy every later boast :
 Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios, mine ;
 And mine the fair designs, which Raphael's ³ soul
 O'er the live canvass, emanating, breathed.

' What would you say, ye conquerors of earth !
 Ye Romans ! could you raise the laurel'd head ;
 Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
 And the dread toil of ages, won so dear ;

² Via Sacra.

³ Michael Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael D'Ur-bino ; the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight !
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You rush'd with rapture down the gulf of Fate,
Of death ambitious ! till by awful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The queen of nations rose ; possess'd of all
Which Nature, Art, and Glory could bestow ;
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her sunk ? your crowded plains,
Void of their cities ; unadorn'd your hills ;
Ungraced your lakes ; your ports to ships un-
known ;
Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams :
These could you know ? these could you love again ?
Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inspire
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
Soon bursting into song : while through the groves
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
In many a tortured stream, you mused along ?
Yon wild retreat⁴, where superstition dreams,
Could, Tully, you your Tusculum believe ?
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,
Famed in old song, the ship-forsaken bay⁵,
Your Formian shore ? once the delight of earth,
Where Art and Nature, ever-smiling, join'd
On the gay land to lavish all their stores.
How changed, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,
Would now your Naples seem ? disaster'd less

⁴ *Tusculum* is reckoned to have stood at a place now called *Grotta Ferrata*, a convent of monks.

⁵ The bay of *Mola* (anciently *Formiae*) into which Homer brings *Ulysses*, and his companions. Near *Formiae*, *Cicero* had a villa.

By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,
His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
Than by despotic rage⁶: that inward gnaws
A native foe; a foreign, tears without.
First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began:
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain⁷,
That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd;
And wrapp'd in weeds the shore⁸ of Venus lies.
There Baiæ sees no more the joyous throng;
Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise;
Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend:
No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back.
An almost total desolation sits,
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
Where⁹, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
Rejoicing crowds inhaled the balm of peace;
Where citied hill to hill reflected blaze;
And, where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,

⁶ Naples, then under the Austrian government.

⁷ Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

⁸ The coast of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

⁹ All along this coast, the ancient Romans had their winter-retreats; and several populous cities stood.

E'en Nature yields; by fire, and earthquake rent:
Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid,
A nest for serpents; from the red abyss
New hills, explosive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool: and all to Cuma's point,
The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the buried dome.

'Hence, Britain, learn; my best-establish'd, last,
And more than Greece, or Rome, my steady reign;
The land where, King and People equal bound
By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow;
And where my jealous unsubmitting soul,
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breast:
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
Of an heroic race, the masters once
Of humankind; what, when deprived of ME,
How grievous must be thine? in spite of climes,
Whose sun-enliven'd ether wakes the soul
To higher powers; in spite of happy soils,
That, but by Labour's slightest aid impell'd,
With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
If there desponding fail the common arts,
And sustenance of life: could life itself,
Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subsist with thee? against depressing skies,
Join'd to full-spread Oppression's cloudy brow,
How could thy spirits hold? where vigour find,
Forced fruits to tear from their unnative soil?
Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
To plough the dreadful all-producing wave?—
Here paused the Goddess. By the cause as-
sured,
In trembling accents thus I moved my prayer:

‘ Oh first, and most benevolent of powers !
Come from eternal splendours, here on earth,
Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
To shield mankind ; to raise them to assert
The native rights and honour of their race :
Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal
Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,
And with a strain from **THEE** enrich the Muse.
As thee alone she serves, her patron, **THOU**,
And great inspirer be ! then will she joy,
Though narrow life her lot, and private shade :
And when her venal voice she barters vile,
Or to thy open, or thy secret foes,
May ne’er those sacred raptures touch her more,
By slavish hearts unfelt ! and may her song
Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew !
Vermin of state ! to thy o’erflowing light
That owe their being, yet betray thy cause.’

Then, condescending kind, the heavenly Power
Return’d :—‘ What here, suggested by the scene,
I slight unfold, record and sing at home,
In that bless’d isle, where (so we spirits move)
With one quick effort of my will I am.
There Truth, unlicensed, walks ; and dares accost
E’en kings themselves, the monarchs of the free !
Fix’d on my rock, there, an indulgent race
O’er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice :
And there, to finish what his sires began,
A Prince behold ! for me who burns sincere,
E’en with a subject’s zeal. He my great work
Will parent-like sustain ; and added give
The touch, the Graces and the Muses owe.
For Britain’s glory swells his panting breast ;
And ancient arts he emulous revolves ;

His pride to let the smiling heart abroad,
Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man ;
To please his pleasure ; bounty his delight ;
And all the soul of Titus dwells in him.'

Hail, glorious theme ! but how, alas ! shall verse,
From the crude stores of mortal language drawn,
How faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,
The Goddess flash'd at once upon my soul.
For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods
Is harmony itself ; to every ear
Familiar known, like light to every eye.
Meantime disclosing ages, as she spoke,
In long succession pour'd their empires forth ;
Scene after scene, the human drama spread ;
And still the' embodied picture rose to sight.

Oh THOU ! to whom the Muses owe their flame ;
Who bidd'st, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise,
And Hippocrenè flow ; with thy bold ease,
The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound, and
clear ;
Oh, gracious Goddess ! re-inspire my song ;
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.



LIBERTY.

PART II.

GREECE.

Contents.

Liberty traced from the pastoral ages, and the first uniting of neighbouring families into civil government. The several establishments of Liberty, in Egypt, Persia, Phænicia, Palestine, slightly touched upon, down to her great establishment in Greece. Geographical description of Greece. Sparta, and Athens, the two principal states of Greece, described. Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian states ; with regard to their Government, their Politeness, their Virtues, their Arts, and Sciences. The vast superiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Persians, exemplified by the action of Thermopylæ, the battle of Marathon, and the retreat of the Ten Thousand. Its full exertion, and most beautiful effects in Athens. Liberty the source of free philosophy. The various schools, which took their rise from Socrates. Enumeration of Fine Arts : Eloquence, Poetry, Music, Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture ; the effects of Liberty in Greece, and brought to their utmost perfection there. Transition to the modern state of Greece. Why Liberty declined, and was at last entirely lost among the Greeks. Concluding Reflection.

LIBERTY.

PART II.

THUS spoke the Goddess of the fearless eye;
And at her voice, renew'd, the Vision rose:—

‘ First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I lived;
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.
These, as increasing families disclosed
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o'erspread,
The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
With reason then and equity the same,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subjects' blood.
The simpler arts were all their simple wants
Had urged to light. But instant, these supplied,
Another set of fonder wants arose,
And other arts, with them, of finer aim;
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.

‘ At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Launch'd the rude spear; swift, as he glared along,
On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
For then young sportive life was void of toil,

Demanding little, and with little pleased :
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fired ;
Lewd lazy Rapine broke primeval peace,
And, hid in caves and idle forests drear,
From the lone pilgrim, and the wandering swain,
Seized what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
First, horrid, smoked on the polluted skies.
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd sires, on lawless men,
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose ;
Who, scorning coward self, for others lived,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.
West, with the living day, to Greece I came :
Earth smiled beneath my beam : The Muse before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tuned the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain ;
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.

‘ For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook ;
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabling ages loved to lose their source,
And with their river traced it from the skies.
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd,
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts ;
By poets, sages, legislators sought ;
The school of polish'd life, and humankind.
But when mysterious Superstition came,
And, with her Civil Sister¹ leagued, involved
In studied darkness the desponding mind,

¹ Civil Tyranny,

Then Tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloosed :

For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave.

Instead of useful works, like Nature's, great,
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land ;

And round a tyrant's tomb ², who none deserved,
For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives.

Then the great Dragon ³, couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cried, " This flood is
'Tis I that bid it flow." But, undeceived, [mine,
His frenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt ;

Felt that, without my fertilizing power,
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain.
Nought could retard me : nor the frugal state
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme.

Beyond the pitch of man, and thence reversed
Into luxurious waste : nor yet the ports
Of old Phoenicia ; first for letters famed,
That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight ;
Of arts prime source, and guardian ! by fair stars,
First tempted out into the lonely deep ;

To whom I first disclosed mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves,
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade ;
Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd ;
Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore
The silver Jordan laves. Before me lay
The promised Land of Arts, and urged my flight.

‘ Hail Nature's utmost boast ! unrival'd Greece !
My fairest reign ! where every power benign
Conspired to blow the flower of humankind,
And lavish'd all that genius can inspire.

² The Pyramids.

³ The Tyrants of Egypt.

Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Iōnian or Ægean, temper'd kind :
Light, airy soils : a country rich, and gay ;
Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales :
Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous
flow'd ;
Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,
And still the mountains and the streams of song.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless Arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds ?
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves ;
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main.

‘ O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanced all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,
Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,
The patient Sparta one : the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city ; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state ;
Where mix'd each government, in such just poise ;
Each power so checking, and supporting each ;
That firm for ages, and unmoved, it stood,
The fort of Greece ! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party rage.
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, Corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land !

Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded sunk. But if Athenian arts
Loved not the soil ; yet there the calm abode
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confined, and press'd into Laconic force.
There too, by rooting thence still-treacherous self,
The Public and the Private grew the same.
The children of the nursing Public all,
And at its table fed; for that they toil'd,
For that they lived entire, and e'en for that
The tender mother urged her son to die.

‘Of softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose.
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus⁴ spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health;
Wrapp'd in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephissus⁵ glow'd
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts and animated arms.
There, passionate for Me, an easy-moved,
A quick, refined, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
Enforcing hasty counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash Democracy ; unpoised,
And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
A populace unequal ; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose :

⁴ A mountain near Athens.

⁵ Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.

Allay'd the tempest; to the calm of laws
Reduced the settling whole; and, with the weight
Which the two senates⁶ to the public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.

‘Nor was my forming care to these confined.
For emulation through the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who should most excel
In government well-poised, adjusted best
To public weal: in countries cultured high:
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair:
In exercise, and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride:
In moral science, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflamed,
Felt every ardour burn: their great reward
The verdant wreath, which sounding Pisa⁷ gave.

‘Hence flourish'd Greece: and hence a race of
As gods by conscious future times adored: [men,
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
At the famed pass⁸, firm as an isthmus stood;
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far

⁶ The Areopagus, or supreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed, and improved: and the council of Four Hundred by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

⁷ Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

⁸ The Straits of Thermopylae.

As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd.
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band an host of slaves.

‘ Hence through the continent ten thousand
Greeks

Urged a retreat, whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,
Opposed their course; and hostile lands, unknown;
And deep rapacious floods, dire bank'd with death;
And mountains, in whose jaws Destruction grinn'd;
Hunger and toil; Armenian snows, and storms;
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierced the scattering herds,
Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
Triumphant, by the sage-exalted Chief⁹
Fired and sustain'd. Oh light and force of mind,
Almost almighty in severe extremes!

The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
Kind-hearted transports round their captains threw
The soldiers' fond embrace: o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loosed the general voice
To cries resounding loud—“ The sea ! The sea !”

‘ In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,
Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece!
And though gay wit, and pleasing grace was theirs,
All the soft modes of elegance, and ease;
Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and disquisition deep.

‘ My spirit pours a vigour through the soul,
The unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field

⁹ Xenophon.

Of nobler Science, as in that of arms.
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains: while through the city full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
And friendly free discussion, calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage¹⁰,
And Father of Philosophy: the sun,
From whose white blaze emerged, each various sect
Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure: goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole: as into truth,
And serious deeds, he smiled the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke
In different Schools: the bold poetic phrase
Of figured Plato; Xenophon's pure strain,
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale;
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye;
The exalted Stoic pride; the Cynic sneer;
The slow-consenting Academic doubt;
And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
Of Epicurus, seldom understood.
They, ever-candid, reason still opposed
To reason; and, since virtue was their aim,
Each by sure practice tried to prove his way
The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base

¹⁰ Socrates.

Of Liberty, the liberty of mind :
For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.
From priestly darkness sprung the' enlightening arts
Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.

‘ O Greece ! thou sapient nurse of finer arts !
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore ;
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.

‘ In thy full language, speaking mighty things,
Like a clear torrent close, or else diffused
A broad majestic stream, and rolling on
Through all the winding harmony of sound ;
In it the power of Eloquence, at large,
Breathed the persuasive or pathetic soul ;
Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd
By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
Her unconfined divinity display'd ;
And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will :
Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,
Or raised it swelling to the tongue of gods.

‘ Heroic song was thine ; the fountain Bard ¹¹,
Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
Thine the dread moral scene, thy chief delight !
Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,
When Reason spoke august ; the fervent heart
Or plain'd, or storm'd ; and in the'impassion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.

¹¹ Homer.

This potent school of manners, but when left
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundless cost, by thee ; whose every son,
E'en last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

‘ The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,
Thine was the meaning music of the heart.
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears ;
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul.

‘ Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagined, by the Graces touch'd,
The boast of well-pleased Nature ! Sculpture seized,
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left e'en Nature's self behind.
From those far different, whose prolific hand
Peopled a nation ; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Through the live features of one breathing stone.
There, beaming full, it shone : expressing gods :
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of sinew'd Mars,
Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
Minutely perfect all ! Each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
In tresses, braided gay, the marble waved ;
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils ;
Sprung into motion ! soften'd into flesh ;
Was fired to passion, or refined to soul.

‘ Nor less thy pencil with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,
Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix’d.
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal smiled,
The soul of beauty ! call’d the Queen of Love,
Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.
E’en such enchantment then thy pencil pour’d,
That cruel-thoughted War the’ impatient torch
Dash’d to the ground ; and, rather than destroy
The patriot picture ¹², let the city scape.

‘ First, elder Sculpture taught her sister art
Correct design ; where great ideas shone,
And in the secret trace expression spoke :
Taught her the graceful attitude ; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head ; the native act,
Or bold, or easy ; and, cast free behind,
The swelling mantle’s well adjusted flow.
Then the bright Muse, their eldest sister, came ;
And bade her follow where she led the way :
Bade Earth, and Sea, and Air, in colours rise ;
And copious action on the canvass glow :
Gave her gay Fable ; spread Invention’s store ;
Enlarged her view ; taught Composition high,
And just Arrangement, circling round one point,
That starts to sight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
And scorning the soft trade of mere delight,
O’er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,
Heroic deeds she traced, and warm display’d

¹² When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes ; he chose rather to raise the siege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Jalysus, the masterpiece of that painter.

Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as the' imagined presence of the god
Aroused the mind, or vacant hours induced
Calm Contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
These rouse to glory ; while, to rural life,
The softer canvass oft reposed the soul.
There gaily broke the sun-illumined cloud ;
The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,
Vanish'd in air ; the precipice frown'd, dire ;
White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd ;
The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main ;
The tempest foam'd, immense ; the driving storm
Sadden'd the skies, and from the doubling gloom,
On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell ;
In closing shades, and where the current strays,
With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,
Piped the lone shepherd to his feeding flock :
Round happy parents smiled their younger selves ;
And friends conversed, by death divided long.

‘ To public virtue thus the smiling arts,
Unblemish'd handmaids, served ; the Graces they
To dress the fairest Venus. Thus revered,
And placed beyond the reach of sordid Care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great masters strove ;
Courted by kings, and by contending states
Assumed the boasted honour of their birth.

‘ In architecture too thy rank supreme !
That art where most magnificent appears
The little builder man ; by thee refined,
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.

Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose ;
The' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heaved ; luxuriant last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.
The whole so measured true, so lessen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aërial rise.

‘ These were the wonders that illumined Greece,
From end to end’——Here interrupting warm,
‘ Where are they now? (I cried) say, goddess,
where ?

And what the land, thy darling thus of old ?
‘ Sunk ! (she resumed) deep in the kindred gloom
Of Superstition, and of Slavery, sunk !
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By loose dejected sloth and servile fear :
No science pierce the darkness of their minds ;
No nobler art the quick ambitious soul
Of imitation in their breast awake.
E'en to supply the needful arts of life,
Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand.
Scarce any trace remaining, vestige gray,
Or nodding column on the desert shore,
To point where Corinth, or where Athens stood.
A faithless land of violence, and death !
Where Commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore ;
And his wild impulse curious search restrains,

Afraid to trust the' inhospitable clime.
Neglected nature fails ; in sordid want
Sunk, and debased, their beauty beams no more.
The Sun himself seems, angry, to regard,
Of light unworthy, the degenerate race ;
And fires them oft with pestilential rays :
While Earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So states must die and Liberty go round.

' Fierce was the stand, ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the soul fired by me, (that often, stung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From hydra-tyrants tried to clear the land)
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effaced
And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.
Sooner I moved my much reluctant flight, [Greece
Poised on the doubtful wing : when Greece with
Embroil'd in foul contention fought no more
For common glory, and for commonweal :
But, false to Freedom, sought to quell the free ;
Broke the firm band of Peace, and sacred Love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force ;
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
Prepared the way for total overthrow. [scorn'd,
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta by turns, and Athens, vilely sued ;
Sued to be venal parricides, to spill
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves
To turn their matchless mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the Great King ¹³ ;

¹³ So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,
Effected what his steel could ne'er perform.
Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land: unbalanced wide
Their tottering states; their wild assemblies
ruled,

As the winds turn at every blast the seas;
And by their listed orators, whose breath
Still with a factious storm infested Greece,
Roused them to civil war, or dash'd them down
To sordid peace—Peace¹⁴! that, when Sparta shook
Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore,
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
What could so base, so infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
Respiring Athens¹⁵ rear again her walls:
And the pale fury fired them, once again
To crush this rival city to the dust.
For now no more the noble social soul
Of Liberty my families combined;
But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd severe, and waged eternal war:
Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;
Nor with false glory, discord, madness blind,
Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.

¹⁴ The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedæmonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedæmonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the lesser Asia, to the dominion of the king of Persia.

¹⁵ Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedæmonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendour.

Long years roll'd on ¹⁶, by many a battle stain'd,
 The blush and boast of Fame ! where courage, art
 And military glory shone supreme :
 But let detesting ages from the scene
 Of Greece self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.
 At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds
 She felt her spirits fail ; and in the dust
 Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
 Agesilaus, and the Theban friends ¹⁷ :
 The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
 By the dire scent of Chæronea ¹⁸ lured,
 And, fierce-descending, seized his hapless prey.

‘ Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
 Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold ;
 For every grace, and muse, and science born ;
 With arts of war, of government, elate ;
 To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best ;
 Whom I myself could scarcely rule : and thus
 The Persian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
 Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.

‘ Unless Corruption first deject the pride,
 And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
 All crude attempts of Violence are vain ;
 For firm within, and while at heart untouched,
 Ne'er yet by Force was Freedom overcome.
 But soon as Independence stoops the head,
 To Vice enslaved, and vice-created Wants ;
 Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
 These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds,
 From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
 Till the whole state unnerved in Slavery sinks.’

¹⁶ The Peloponnesian war.

¹⁷ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

¹⁸ The battle of Chæronea, in which Philip of Macedo utterly defeated the Greeks.

L I B E R T Y.

PART III.

ROME.

Contents.

As this part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the Ancients. With these colonies, the Spirit of Liberty, and of Republics, spreads over Italy. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities. Amidst the many small Republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece. Reference to a view of the Roman Republic given in the First Part of this Poem: to mark its Rise and Fall the peculiar purport of this. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty, and Virtue, exerted. The source whence derived the Heroic Virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these Virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad. Bounds of the Roman empire geographically described. The states of Greece restored to Liberty, by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion in the death of Brutus. Rome under the emperors. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations; where, by infusing into them her Spirit and general principles, she lays the groundwork of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

LIBERTY.

PART III.

HERE melting mix'd with air the' ideal forms,
That painted still whate'er the goddess sung.
Then I, impatient.—‘ From extinguish'd Greece,
To what new region stream'd the human day ?
She softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
Resumed.—‘ Indignant, these last scenes I fled ¹ ;
And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
All Latium stood aroused. Ages before,
Great mother of republics ! Greece had pour'd,
Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around.
On Asia, Afric, Sicily they stoop'd,
But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore ;
Where, from Lacinium ² to Etrurian vales,
They roll'd increasing colonies along,
And lent materials for my Roman reign.
With them my spirit spread; and numerous states
And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd ;
As its parental policy and arts,
Each had imbibed. Besides, to each assign'd

¹ The last struggle of Liberty in Greece.

² A promontory in Calabria.

A guardian Genius, o'er the public weal,
 Kept an unclosing eye; tried to sustain,
 Or more sublime, the soul infused by me:
 And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
 Against the tyrant demons of the land.
 Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew;
 Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
 But almost all below the proud regard
 Of story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent
 That Truth beyond the flight of Fable bore.

‘ Not so the Samian sage³; to him belongs
 The brightest witness of recording Fame.
 For these free states his native isle⁴ forsook,
 And a vain tyrant’s transitory smile,
 He sought Crotona’s pure salubrious air; [taught;
 And through Great Greece⁵ his gentle wisdom
 Wisdom that calm’d for listening years⁶ the mind,
 Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.
 His mental eye first launch’d into the deeps
 Of boundless ether; where unnumber’d orbs,
 Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
 Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
 There he the full consenting choir beheld;
 There first discern’d the secret band of love,
 The kind attraction, that to central suns
 Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
 Instructed thence, he great ideas form’d
 Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,
 The Sun of beings! beaming unconfined

³ Pythagoras.

⁴ Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

⁵ The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.

⁶ His scholars were enjoin’d silence for five years.

Light, life, and love, and ever-active power :
Whom nought can image, and who best approves
The silent worship of the moral heart, [joy.
That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life,
And bound his reason to the sphere of man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues⁷ name ;
Inspired the study of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devised
Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd.
He e'en, into his tender system, took
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life :
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever shifting, runs the' eternal round ;
Thence tried against the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth !
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
And not a circling form, but rising whole.

‘ Amid these small republics one arose
On yellow Tiber's bank, almighty Rome,
Fated for me. A nobler spirit warm'd
Her sons ; and, roused by tyrants, nobler still
It burn'd in Brutus ; the proud Tarquins chased,
With all their crimes ; bade radiant eras rise,
And the long honours of the Consul-line.

‘ Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan
Of Greece I varied ; whose unmixing states,
By the keen soul of emulation pierced,
Long waged alone the bloodless war of arts,
And their best empire gain'd. But to diffuse

⁷ The four cardinal virtues.

O'er men an empire was my purpose now :
To let my martial majesty abroad ;
Into the vortex of one state to draw
The whole mix'd force, and liberty, on earth ;
To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.

‘ Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this my amplest reign.
Now, while its first, last, periods you survey,
Mark how it labouring rose, and rapid fell.

‘ When Rome in noon-tide empire grasp'd the
And, soon as her resistless legions shone, [world,
The nations stoop'd around ; though then appear'd
Her grandeur most ! yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people press'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then ;
Then for each Roman I a hero told ;
And every passing sun, and Latian scene,
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
That or surpass the faith of modern times,
Or, if believed, with sacred horror strike.

‘ For then, to prove my most exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection push'd,
To fondness and enthusiastic zeal,
The great, the reigning passion of the free.
That godlike passion ! which, the bounds of self
Divinely bursting, the whole public takes
Into the heart, enlarged, and burning high
With the mix'd ardour of unnumber'd selves ;
Of all who safe beneath the voted laws
Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.
From this kind sun of moral nature flow'd
Virtues, that shine the light of humankind,
And, ray'd through story, warm remotest time.
These virtues too, reflected to their source,

Increased its flame. The social charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive still,
As more by virtue mark'd ; till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew. [voice,
‘ Hence, when their country raised her plaintive
The voice of pleading Nature was not heard ;
And in their hearts the fathers throb'd no more :
Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence sweeten'd Pain, the luxury of toil ;
Patience, that baffled Fortune's utmost rage ;
High-minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.
Hence Moderation a new conquest gain'd ;
As on the vanquish'd, like descending Heaven,
Their dewy mercy drop'd, the bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce.
Hence, Independence, with his little pleased,
Serene, and self-sufficient, like a god ;
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honest roots to gold preferr'd ;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field,
The man maintain'd, the Roman's splendour all
Was in the public wealth and glory placed :
Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough ;
Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,
In long majestic flow, to rule the state,
With Wisdom's purest eye ; or, clad in steel,
To drive the steady battle on the foe.
Hence every passion, e'en the proudest, stoop'd
To common good : Camillus, thy revenge ;
Thy glory, Fabius. All subinmissive hence,

Consuls, Dictators, still resign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd. [wings,
Though Conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle-
Her laurels wreath'd, and yoked her snowy steeds
To the triumphal car ; soon as expired
The latest hour of sway, taught to submit,
(A harder lesson than to command)
Into the private Roman sunk the chief.
If Rome was served, and glorious, careless they
By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their
And above envy, in a rival's train, [own ;
Sung the loud Iōs by themselves deserved.
Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the Fabii ; hence the Decii died ;
And Curtius plunged into the flaming gulf.
Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counsel never given before ;
For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.
Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepared
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aside,
His little children climbing for a kiss ;
Then dumb through rows of weeping wondering
A new illustrious exile ! press'd along. [friends,
Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds
Opposing his return, than if, escaped
From long litigious suits, he glad forsook
The noisy town a while and city cloud,
To breathe Venafrian, or Tarentine air.
Need I these high particulars recount ?
The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame ;
Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear.
Life had no charms, nor any terrors Fate,

When Rome and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
Mark the rare boast of these unequal'd times.
Ages revolved unsullied by a crime :
Astrea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
To bind a race elated with the pride
Of virtue, and disdaining to descend
To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
While war around them raged, in happy Rome
All peaceful smiled, all save the passing clouds
That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow ;
And fair unblemish'd centuries elapsed,
When not a Roman bled but in the field.
Their virtue such, that an unbalanced state,
Still between Noble and Plebeian toss'd,
As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
Was then kept firm, and with triumphant prow
Rode out the storms. Oft though the native feuds,
That from the first their constitution shook,
(A latent ruin, growing as it grew,) 1
Stood on the threatening point of civil war
Ready to rush; yet could the lenient voice
Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
Those sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts
Unpetrified by self, so naked lay
And sensible to Truth, that o'er the rage
Of giddy faction, by Oppression swell'd,
Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once
To peace recover'd the divided state.
But if their often-cheated hopes refused
The soothing touch; still, in the love of Rome,
The dread Dictator found a sure resource.
Was she assaulted? was her glory stain'd?
One common quarrel wide inflamed the whole.
Foes in the forum in the field wére friends,

By social danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their dearest country all, to die.

‘ Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil’d:
Till, the bold summit gain’d, the thousand states
Of proud Italia blended into one:
Then o’er the nations they resistless rush’d,
And touch’d the limits of the failing world.

‘ Let Fancy’s eye the distant lines unite.
See that which borders wild the western main,
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense;
From Caledonia’s dim cerulean coast,
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodged
Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven,
Hangs o’er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark that opposed, where first the springing morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews:
From the dire deserts by the Caspian laved,
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join’d,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain;
And bless’d Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watery north,
Parent of floods! from the majestic Rhine,
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-
mouth’d,
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars;
To where the frozen Tanaïs scarcely stirs
The dead Maeotic pool, or the long Rha⁸,
In the black Scythian sea⁹ his torrent throws.
Last, that beneath the burning zone behold:
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste
A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh;

⁸ The ancient name of the Wolga. ⁹ The Caspian Sea.

And farther to the full Egyptian shore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd etherial urn, descends.
In this vast space what various tongues, and states !
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and
seas !

What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed !
‘ O'er Greece descended chief, with stealth
divine,

The Roman bounty in a flood of day :
As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp !
Her full-assembled youth innumerable swarm'd.
On a tribunal raised, Flaminus sat ;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierced
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant¹⁰ to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possess'd ; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald :—“ To the states of Greece
The Roman people, unconfined, restore
Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws :
Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.”
The crowd astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
Stared dubious round ; some question'd, some
exclaim'd,
(Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
Is lost in anxious joy,) “ Be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.”
Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaim'd ;
And still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.

¹⁰ The king of Macedonia.

A while severe amazement held them mute,
Then bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
On every hand rebeelow'd to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills :
Through all her turrets stately Corinth¹¹ shook;
And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
What piercing bliss ! how keen a sense of fame,
Did then, Flaminus, reach thy inmost soul !
And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then
Escape the fondness of transported Greece !
Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
They left the sports ; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace,
Nor strain'd a slave : and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours ;
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,
Their raptures waked anew. " Ye gods ! (they
cried)
Ye guardian gods of Greece ! and are we free ?
Was it not madness deem'd the very thought ?
And is it true ? How did we purchase chains ?
At what a dire expense of kindred blood !
And are they now dissolved ? And scarce one drop
For the fair first of blessings have we paid ?
Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
Are rare indeed ; but how to generous ends
To turn success, and conquest, rarer still :
That the great gods and Romans only know.
Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,

¹¹ The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

A people so magnanimous, to quit
Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,
And by their blood and treasure, spent for us,
Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws!
There does! there does! Oh saviour, Titus! Rome!
Thus through the happy night they pour'd their
And in my last reflected beams rejoiced. [souls,
As when the shepherd, on the mountain-brow,
Sits piping to his flocks and gamesome kids;
Meantime the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,
Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam:
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain;
To western worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray.'

Here interposing I—‘ Oh, Queen of men!
Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights
Equal they live; though placed, for common good,
Various, or in subjection or command;
And that by common choice; alas! the scene,
With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
Streams into blood, and darkens into woe.’
Thus she pursued:—‘ Near this great era, Rome
Began to feel the swift approach of Fate,
That now her vitals gain’d: still more and more
Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and desolation charged.
From an unequal balance of her sons
These fierce contentions sprung; and, as increased
This hated inequality, more fierce
They flamed to tumult. Independence fail’d;
Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
And with this virtue every virtue sunk,
As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain’d.

A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
On one side swell'd aristocratic Pride ;
With Usury, the villain ! whose fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul ;
And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of vice ! While on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleasure fired ;
Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,
As the proud feeder bade ; inconstant, blind,
Deserting friends at need, and duped by foes ;
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspired
Their headlong fury, but of him deprived,
Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.

‘ This firm republic, that against the blast
Of opposition rose ; that (like an oak,
Nursed on ferocious Algidum ¹², whose boughs
Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe,)
By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself,
E'en force and spirit drew ; smit with the calm,
The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pined.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppose ;
Her ¹³ terror once, on Afric's tawny shore,
Now smoked in dust, a stabling now for wolves ;
And every dreaded power received the yoke.
Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd East,
In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
For the false joys which Luxury prepares.
Unworthy joys ! that wasteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No secret ray to glad the conscious soul ;
At once involving in one ruin wealth,

¹² A town of Latium, near Tusculum. ¹³ Carthage.

And wealth-acquiring powers : while stupid self,
Of narrow gust and hebetating sense,
Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.
Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth ;
Security relax'd the softening state ;
And the broad eye of government lay closed.
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
And public weal no more : but party raged ;
And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
Let Discord through the deathful city loose.
First, mild Tiberius¹⁴, on thy sacred head
The fury's vengeance fell ; the first, whose blood
Had, since the consuls, stain'd contending Rome.
Of precedent pernicious ! with thee bled
Three hundred Romans ; with thy brother, next,
Three thousand more : till, into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and forced the trembling laws,
The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
A scene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.
When, half-ashamed, Corruption's thievish arts,
And ruffian Force begin to sap the mounds
And majesty of laws ; if not in time
Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.
‘ Thus Luxury, Dissension, a mix'd rage
Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth,
Want wishing change, and waste repairing war,
Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
Guilt unatoned, profuse of blood Revenge,
Corruption all avow'd, and lawless Force,
Each heightening each, alternate shook the state.
Meantime Ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd

¹⁴ Tiberius Gracchus.

And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
Combined in various storm, and from its base
The broad republic tore. By Virtue built
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
An ample roof: by Virtue too sustain'd,
And balanced steady, every tempest sung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.
But when, with sudden and enormous change,
The first of mankind sunk into the last,
As once in virtue, so in vice extreme,
This universal fabric yielded loose,
Before Ambition still; and thundering down,
At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world.
A conquering people to themselves a prey
Must ever fall, when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
No land to sack and pillage but their own.

‘ By brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, first
Effused the deluge dire of civil blood,
Unceasing woes began, and this, or that,
Deep-drenching their revenge, nor virtue spared,
Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
Till Rome into a human shambles turn'd,
Made deserts lovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains,
Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
No Scævola there was, to raise for me
A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?
No son, a witness to his hoary sire
In dust and gore defiled? no friend, forlorn?
No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?
None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
Who, heaping horror round, no more deserved
The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
No:—Sad o'er all profound Dejection sat;

And nerveless Fear. The slave's asylum theirs :
Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
Turns weak to slaughter ; or partaken guilt.
In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
And all unhoped the commonwealth restored,
Amazed the public, and effaced his crimes. [hand
Through streets yet streaming from his murderous
Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd,
And on the bed of peace his ashes laid ;
A grace, which I to his demission gave.
But with him died not the despotic soul.
Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear
A master, nor had virtue to be free.
Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign
No certain peace, no spreading prospect knew.
Destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul,
Or of a Catiline, or Rullus ¹⁵, swell'd
With fell designs ; and all the watchful art,
Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
All the state-wielding magic of his tongue ;
And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
With these I linger'd ; till the flame anew
Burst out, in blaze immense, and wrapp'd the world.
The shameful contest sprung ; to whom mankind
Should yield the neck : to Pompey, who conceal'd
A rage impatient of an equal name ;
Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow
O'er daring vice deluding virtue smiled,
And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.

¹⁵ Publius Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty : and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.

Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose:
 The venal will be bought, the base have lords.
 To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves ;
 And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
 The last of Romans, matchless Brutus ! lay,
 Spread to the north untamed a rapid wing.

‘ What though the first smooth Cæsar's arts
 Merit, and Virtue, simulating me ? [caress'd,
 Severely tender ! cruelly humane !
 The chain to clinch, and make it softer sit
 On the new-broken still ferocious state.
 From the dark Third¹⁶, succeeding, I beheld
 The' imperial monsters all.—A race on earth
 Vindictive, sent the scourge of humankind !
 Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world ;
 Whose lust to forming Nature seems disgrace ;
 And whose infernal rage bade every drop
 Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame,
 To that of Pætus¹⁷, in the peaceful bath,
 Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.
 But almost just the meanly-patient death,
 That waits a tyrant's un prevented stroke !
 Titus indeed gave one short evening gleam ;
 More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
 Of storm, and horror. The delight of men !
 He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
 Had made no happy heart, concluded lost ;
 Trajan and he, with the mild sire¹⁸ and son,

¹⁶ Tiberius.

¹⁷ Thræsea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death, thus :—‘ After having inhumanly slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a desire of cutting off virtue itself in the person of Thræsea,’ &c.

¹⁸ Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.

His son of virtue ! eased a while mankind ;
And arts revived beneath their gentle beam.
Then was their last effort : what sculpture raised
To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole ;
And mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chissel's shame)
On that triumphal arch ¹⁹, the forms of Greece.

‘ Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
Of gelid Hæmus, I pursued my flight ;
And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
Sarmatia ²⁰, traversed by a thousand streams.
A sullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deserts black with sounding pine ;
Where Nature frowns : though sometimes into
She softens ; and immediate at the touch [smiles
Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.
But, cold-compress'd, when the whole loaded
heaven

Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,
Lies undistinguish'd earth ; and, seized by frost,
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans,
Yet there life glows ; the fury millions there [sleep.
Deep dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows :
And there a race of men prolific swarms,
To various pain, to little pleasure used ;
On whom, keen-parching, beat Riphean winds ;
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,
The nursery of nations !—These I roused,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd ;
Till from almost perpetual night they broke,

¹⁹ Constantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

²⁰ The ancient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country, unning all along the north of Europe and Asia.

As if in search of day; and o'er the banks
Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,
Resistless raged; in vengeance urged by me.

‘ Long in the barbarous heart the buried seeds
Of Freedom lay; for many a wintry age;
And though my spirit work'd, by slow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Aërial, warn'd of rising winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So, arts and each good genius in my train,
I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to Heaven.

‘ In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes, and palaces, arise,
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compared,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble break
The passing poor magnificence of kings.
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every splendour forth; and there his court,
Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds:
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals; wraps a view
Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
Must cheerful toil out their appointed years.
A sense of higher life would only damp
The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours.
Nor could the child of Reason, feeble man,
With vigour through this infant-being drudge,
Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind.’

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

BRITAIN.

Contents.

Difference betwixt the ancients and moderns slightly touched upon. Description of the dark ages. The Goddess of Liberty, who during these is supposed to have left earth, returns, attended with Arts and Science. She first descends on Italy. Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture fix at Rome, to revive their several arts by the great models of antiquity there, which many barbarous invasions had not been able to destroy. The revival of these arts marked out. That sometimes arts may flourish for a while under despotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of them. Learning begins to dawn. The Muse and Science attend Liberty, who in her progress towards Great Britain raises several free states and cities. These enumerated. Author's exclamation of joy, upon seeing the British seas and coasts rise in the vision, which painted whatever the Goddess of Liberty said. She resumes her narration. The Genius of the Deep appears, and addressing Liberty, associates Great Britain into his dominion. Liberty received and congratulated by Britannia, and the native Genii or Virtues of the island. These described. Animated by the presence of Liberty, they begin their operations. Their beneficent influence contrasted with the works and delusions of opposing Demons. Concludes with an abstract of the English history, marking the several Advances of Liberty, down to her complete establishment at the Revolution.

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I, amazed:—
‘ Ah, goddess, what a change! is Earth the same?
Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds?
And does the same fair Sun and ether spread
Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul?
Lo! beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms
Of little pomp, magnificence no more
Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile:
While to rapacious Interest Glory leaves
Mankind, and every grace of life is gone.’

To this the power, whose vital radiance calls
From the brute mass of man an order’d world:
‘ Wait till the morning shines, and from the
Of Gothic darkness springs another day. [depth
True, Genius droops; the tender ancient taste
Of Beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,
But faintly trembles through the callous soul;
And grandeur or of morals, or of life,
Sinks into safe pursuits, and creeping cares.
E’en cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight,
And aged life to deem the generous deeds
Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought
Well-reason’d in researches piercing deep
Through Nature’s works, in profitable arts,

And all that calm Experience can disclose,
(Slow guide, but sure,) behold the world anew
Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd ;
And, where my spirit wakes the finer powers,
Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom.

‘Oblivious ages pass'd ; while Earth, forsook
By her best Genii, lay to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.
Contention led the van ; first small of size,
But soon dilating to the skies she towers :
Then, wide as air, the livid fury spread,
And high her head above the stormy clouds,
She blazed in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war :
From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom through the heart of man.
Shook to the pole, the north obey'd her call.
Forth rush'd the bloody power of Gothic war,
War against humankind : Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train :
Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword
Is reason, honour, law : the foe of arts
By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with
Another species of tyrannic ¹ rule, [these
Unknown before, whose cancerous shackles seized
The envenom'd soul; a wilder Fury, she
E'en o'er her elder sister ² tyrannized ;
Or, if perchance agreed, inflamed her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud: the sable band,
Thundering ;—“ Submit, ye Laity ! ye profane !

¹ Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.

² Civil tyranny.

Earth is the **LORD's**, and therefore ours; let kings
Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
If not, behold! the sacred lightning flies!"
Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
For science uttering jangling words obscure,
Where frightened Reason never yet could dwell:
Of peremptory feature, cleric Pride,
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
And holy Slander, his associate firm,
On whom the lying Spirit still descends:
Mother of tortures! persecuting Zeal,
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poniard bathed in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fiercest fiend! of saintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
Of pleasing Parent-Heaven, the Source of Love!
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
Than all the rest combined. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell designs,
Came idiot Superstition; round with ears
Innumerable strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms
With legends plied them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
And poison reason; gross, she swallows all,
The most absurd believing ever most.
Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffused.
‘Nought to be seen, but visionary monks
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds;
Banditti-Saints³, disturbing distant lands;
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.

³ Crusades.

All lay reversed: the sacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
Pure plain Devotion ⁴ to a solemn farce;
To holy dotage Virtue, e'en to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient Freedom to the rage of slaves ⁵,
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
Dishonour'd Courage to the bravo's trade ⁶,
To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
Thus human life, unhinged, to ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne.

‘ At last Heaven’s best inexplicable scheme,
Disclosing, bade new brightening eras smile.
The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
A sounding pinion. Eager pity, mix’d
With indignation, urged our downward flight.
On Latium first we stoop’d, for doubtful life
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber’d woes.
Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup [Huns,
Of vengeance hast thou drain’d! Goths, Vandals,
Lombards, barbarians, broke from every land,
How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld?
Where horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
Was all thy frightened ear could comprehend?
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brother’s, husband’s, father’s blood,
Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
To violation dragg’d, and mingled death?
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,

⁴ The corruptions of the church of Rome.

⁵ Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

⁶ Duelling.

Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds ;
 And succourless, and bare, the poor remains
 Of wretches forth to Nature's common cast ?
 Added to these, the still continued waste
 Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey⁷ ;
 And double tyrants, seize the very soul.
 Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all ?
 These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
 Heap'd sack on sack, and buried in their rage
 Wonders of art ; whence this gray scene, a mine
 Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
 Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.

‘ Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
 From ancient models to restore their arts,
 Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.

‘ Amid the hoary ruins, Sculpture first,
 Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
 Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
 Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
 And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
 As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
 In leaning site, respiring from his toils,
 The well-known Hero⁸, who deliver'd Greece,
 His ample chest, all tempested with force,
 Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
 Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
 Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck :
 The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad ;
 The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
 Into harmonious shape ; she saw, and joy'd.
 The yellow hunter, Meleager, raised
 His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole

⁷ The Hierarchy.

⁸ The Hercules of Farnese.

Shows what ideas smiled of old in Greece.
 Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
 The Gladiator⁹: pitiless his look,
 And each keen sinew braced, the storm of war,
 Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
 The dying other¹⁰ from the gloom she drew:
 Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,
 Prone, agonizing; with incumbent Fate,
 Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
 The suffering feature sullen vengeance lowers,
 Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
 And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
 All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came
 The quiver'd god¹¹. In graceful act he stands,
 His arm extended with the slacken'd bow:
 Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
 A manly-soften'd form. The bloom of gods
 Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave:
 His features yet heroic ardour warms;
 And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
 Mix'd with the joy elating conquest gives,
 A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
 On Flora moved; her full-proportion'd limbs
 Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
 The Queen of Love¹² arose, as from the deep
 She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
 Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
 Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
 Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
 Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
 The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,

⁹ Fighting Gladiator.

¹⁰ Dying Gladiator.

¹¹ Apollo of Belvidere.

¹² Venus of Medici.

As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At last her utmost masterpiece ¹³ she found,
That Maro fired ¹⁴; the miserable sire,
Wrapp'd with his sons in Fate's severest grasp:
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,
Seem so to tremble through the tortured stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye the imperious passions seize:
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convulsed; to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
His fell despair with indignation mix'd,
As the strong-curling monsters from his side
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
All the soft rage of younger passions show.
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd;
While, yet unpierced, the frightened other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.
‘She bore no more, but straight from Gothic rust
Her chisel clear'd, and dust ¹⁵ and fragments drove

¹³ The group of Laocoön and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.

¹⁴ See *Aeneid* II. ver. 199—227.

¹⁵ It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the most celebrated master of modern sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusiastical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

**Impetuous round. Successive as it went
From son to son, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form;
Till, in a legislator's awful grace
Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses¹⁶ rise,
And, looking love immense, a Saviour-God¹⁶.**

**' Of these observant, Painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffused
The canvass, seized the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd; and on the void expanse
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldest race,
Barren, and dry; just struggling from the taste,
That had for ages scared in cloisters dim
The superstitious herd: yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works; where undeveloped lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.
Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this,
To each his portion of her various gifts
The Goddess dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still
Perfection stands, like Happiness, to tempt
The' eternal chase. In elegant design,
Improving Nature; in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expression, airs divine;
Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To those of Venice she the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing mass
Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,**

¹⁶ Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern sculpture.



Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raise the picture, and repose the sight.
The Lombard school ¹⁷, succeeding, mingled both.

‘ Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around,
Rear'd the magnific front. Music again
Her universal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.

‘ E'en bigots smiled; to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
For in a tyrant's garden these a while
May bloom, though Freedom be their parent soil.

‘ And now confess'd, with gently-growing gleam,
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.
The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern course
She, with her tutor Science, in my train,
Ardent pursued, her strains more noble grew:
While Reason drew the plan, the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.

‘ Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn.

‘ On Arno's ¹⁸ fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,
I small republics ¹⁹ raised. Thrice happy they!
Had social Freedom bound their peace, and arts,

¹⁷ The school of the Caracci.

¹⁸ The river Arno runs through Florence.

¹⁹ The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna.

Instead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and saved their fate.

‘ Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path, too, I with public blessings strow'd :
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.

‘ The barren rocks themselves beneath my foot
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.
Thick-swarming people ²⁰ there, like emmets, seized
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
Which Nature left in her destroying rage ²¹,
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands.
There, in white prospect from the rocky hill
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
By me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose.
And while my genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she
Vied for the trident of the narrow seas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.
‘ Nor be the then triumphant state forgot ²² ;
Where ²³, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant
still,

²⁰ The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

²¹ According to Dr. Burnet's system of the deluge.

²² Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope and America was discovered.

²³ Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic gulf, from the desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

Inspired by me, through the dark ages kept
Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive :
The seeming god-built city ! which my hand
Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas,
Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenced,
And down the briny street; where on each hand,
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
The splendid palace shines ; and rising tides,
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy gulf,
The mart of nations ? long, obedient seas
Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East.
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
(Whose shared oppression lightens, as diffused,)
Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose.
The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains :
The softer shackles of luxurious ease
They likewise added, to secure their sway.
Thus Venice fainter shines ; and Commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.
Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle ²⁴: found another seat ²⁵,
Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.
‘ The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,
Confess'd my power. Deep as the rampart rocks,
By Nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a league ²⁶ of friendly states.
And bade plain Freedom there ambition be.

²⁴ The Main Ocean. ²⁵ Great Britain. ²⁶ Swiss Cantons.

There in the vale, where rural plenty fills, [horn,
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her
Chief²⁷, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be seen ! unguilty cities rise,
Cities of brothers form'd : while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free ; and, in their happy streets,
Nor cruel deed, nor misery, is known.
For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
And press their culture on retiring snows ;
But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy. [charm,
‘ E'en, cheer'd by me, their shaggy mountains
More than or Gallic or Italian plains ;
And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,
Pines²⁸ to behold their Alpine views again :
The hollow-winding stream : the vale, fair-spread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills ; [springs :
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest
From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes :
The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd ;
And, by the Sun illumined, pouring bright

²⁷ Geneva, situated on Lacus Lemanus, a small state, but a noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

²⁸ The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss-sickness.

A gemmy shower ; hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain ash, and solemn-sounding pine :
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes toss'd,
Down to the clear ethereal lake below :
And, high-o'ertopping all the broken scene,
The mountain fading into sky ; where shines
On winter, winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

‘ From these descending, as I waved my course
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave some favour'd cities ²⁹ there to lift
A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,
More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my soul.

‘ Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound ;
There, I the manly race ³⁰, the parent-hive
Of the mix'd kingdoms, form'd into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purged, and temper'd hard by frost,
Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
Whose ³¹ only terror was a bloodless death,
They, wise and dauntless, still sustain my cause.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the south,
The whispering zephrys sigh'd at my delay.’

Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy :—
‘ O the dear prospect ! O majestic view !
See Britain's empire ! lo ! the watery vast
Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn

²⁹ The Hans Towns. ³⁰ The Swedes. ³¹ See note 42.

My kindred cliffs ; whence, wafted in the gale,
Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
Goddess, forgive !— My heart, surprised, o'erflows
With filial fondness for the land you bless.'
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the celestial Brightness smiled ;
Then thus—' As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy isle, I steer'd
With easy wing ; behold ! from surge to surge,
Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep.
Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung ;
Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head ;
And ready thunder redd'n'd in his hand,
Or from it stream'd compress'd the gloomy cloud.
Where'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook
From shore to shore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To me his voice
(Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the falling main,)
Address'd, began—“ By Fate commission'd, go,
My Sister Goddess now, to yon bless'd isle,
Henceforth the partner of my rough domain.
All my dread walks to Britons open lie.
Those that resplendent, or with rosy morn,
Or yellow evening, flame ; those that, profuse
Drunk by equator-suns, severely shine ;
Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
In billows rolling into Alps of ice.
E'en, yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
The vast Pacific ; that on other worlds,
Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign :
Nor Alexanders me, nor Caesars braved.

Still, in the crook of shore, the coward sail
Till now low-crept ; and peddling Commerce plied
Between near joining lands. For Britons, chief,
It was reserved, with star-directed prow,
To dare the middle deep, and drive assured
To distant nations through the pathless main.
Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,
Long months from land, while the black stormy night
Around them rages, on the groaning mast
With unshook knee to know their giddy way ;
To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing wave ;
To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
By deep Invention's keen pervading eye,
The heart of Courage, and the hand of Toil,
Each conquer'd ocean staining with their blood,
Instead of treasure robb'd by ruffian war,
Round social earth to circle fair exchange,
And bind the nations in a golden chain.
To these I honour'd stoop. Rushing to light
A race of men behold ! whose daring deeds
Will in renown exalt my nameless plains
O'er those of fabling earth, as hers to mine
In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart
Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul
Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb,
And might in spite of me my kingdom force.”
Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy power
Eased the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd :
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore.
‘ Of this encounter glad, my way to land
I quick pursued, that from the smiling sea
Received me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard ;
And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd

With pleased astonishment the labouring hind,
Who for a while the' unfinish'd furrow left,
And let the listening steer forget his toil.
Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breathed,
And her aerial train, these sounds of joy.
For, of old time, since first the rushing flood,
Urged by Almighty Power, this favour'd isle
Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
Indented shore to shore responsive still,
Its guardian she—the goddess, whose staid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light
Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
Warm on her cheek sits Beauty's brightest rose,
Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
With every motion. Full her rising chest;
And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
Charm'd Sculpture, taking, might improve her art.
Such the fair Guardian of an isle that boasts,
Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.
High-shining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting me, she stood; with hope inflamed,
By my mix'd spirit burning in her sons,
To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

‘The native Genii, round her, radiant smiled.
Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm,
Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provoked,
As mild and harmless as the sporting child;
But, on just reason, once his fury roused,
No lion springs more eager to his prey:
Blood is a pastime; and his heart, elate,
Knows no depressing fear. That Virtue known
By the relenting look, whose equal heart
For others feels, as for another self:

Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action, the kind sense within :
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
The lost to reason, the declined in life,
The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
And the gray second infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live,
A sight to gladden Heaven ! whether she stands
Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy :
Whether, to solace honest labour, she
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice :
Or whether to Philosophy, and Arts,
(At once the basis and the finish'd pride
Of government and life) she spreads her hand ;
Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all.
Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
The mother of the state ! no low revenge,
No turbid passions in her breast ferment :
Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
As the last woe that can afflict mankind,
She punishment awards ; yet of the good
More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himself
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land !
Where reigns alone this justice of the free !
Mid the bright group Sincerity his front,
Diffusive, rear'd ; his pure untroubled eye
The fount of truth. The thoughtful power, apart,
Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard,
Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
The genius he whence Britain shines supreme,

The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
He, too, the fire of fancy feeds intense,
With all the train of passions thence derived:
Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,
And Independence stood: the generous pair,
That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove,
And the still raptures of the free-born soul,
To cates prefer by virtue bought, not earn'd,
Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys of slaves.
Or should the latter, to the public scene
Demanded, quit his silvan friend a while;
Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
His zeal, still active for the commonweal;
Nor stormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,
Foul ministers, dark-working by the force
Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly scorns; and, if he must betray
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
A moment's parley were eternal shame:
Illustrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
Aloof the bashful Virtue hover'd coy,
Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.
Rough Labour closed the train: and in his hand
Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,
And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd;
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there

No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall :
E'en in the very luxury of rage,
He softening can forgive a gallant foe ;
The nerve, support, and glory of the land !
Nor be Religion, rational, and free,
Here pass'd in silence ; whose enraptured eye
Sees Heaven with earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine : who not from servile fear,
By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit,
The God of Love adores, but from a heart
Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
Of fearless confidence that smiles serene ;
That lives devotion, one continual hymn,
And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful Power
O'er the raised circle ray'd superior day.

‘ I joy'd to join the Virtues, whence my reign
O'er Albion was to rise. Each cheering each,
And, like the circling planets from the Sun,
All borrowing beams from me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fired us to commence our toils,
Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
Pass'd not in mutual hails; but, through the land
Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

‘ The Virtues conquer with a single look.
Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
That the soul won, enamour'd, and refined,
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
Hence the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,
Would still from us deluded mortals wrap ;
Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix

Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense
With vain refracted images of bliss.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things ob-
scene,
That vex the swain and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray:
As, at the sacred opening of the morn,
The prowling race retire: so, pierced severe,
Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,
And all their works dissolve—the whisper'd tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows.
Fair-faced Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting:
Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare. The Janus-face of courtly Pride;
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless worth the other scowls disdain:
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush. The laugh
Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart,
At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools.
Determined to be broke, the plighted faith;
Nay more, the godless oath, that knows no ties.
Soft-buzzing Slander; silky moths, that eat
An honest name. The harpy hand, and maw,
Of avaricious Luxury; who makes
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his service, who betrays his king.

‘ Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic ³²
To present grandeur how my Britain rose. [night
‘ Bold were those Britons, who, the careless sons
Of Nature, roam’d the forest bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their woodland wars :
For by the Druid ³³ taught, that death but shifts
The vital scene, they that prime fear despised ;
And, prone to rush on steel, disdain’d to spare
An ill-saved life that must again return.
Erect from Nature’s hand, by tyrant force,
And still more tyrant custom, unsubdued,
Man knows no master save creating Heaven,
Or such as choice and common good ordain.
This general sense, with which the nations I
Promiscuous fire, in Britons burn’d intense,
Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome,
Who saw’st thy Cæsar, from the naked land,
Whose only fort was British hearts, repell’d,
To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,
The blood of ages, bootless to secure,
Beneath an empire’s ³⁴ yoke, a stubborn isle,
Disputed hard, and never quite subdued.
The North ³⁵ remain’d untouch’d, where those who
To stoop retired ; and, to their keen effort [scorn’d
Yielding at last, recoil’d the Roman power.
In vain, unable to sustain the shock,

³² Great Britain was peopled by the Celts or Gauls.

³³ The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

³⁴ The Roman empire.

³⁵ Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.

From sea to sea desponding legions raised
 The wall immense ³⁶, and yet, on Summer's eve,
 While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's
 gaze,
 Continual o'er it burst the northern storm ³⁷,
 As often, check'd, receded ; threatening hoarse
 A swift return. But the devouring flood
 No more endured control, when, to support
 The last remains of empire ³⁸, was recall'd
 The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
 Unnerved, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk.
 Great proof ! how men enfeeble into slaves.
 The sword ³⁹ behind him flash'd; before him
 roar'd,
 Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
 He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
 As when Caractacus ⁴⁰ to battle led

³⁶ The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite across the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway Frith.

³⁷ Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

³⁸ The Roman empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in year 426 or 427.

³⁹ The Britons applying to *Ætius* the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition :—‘ We know not which way to turn us. The Barbarians drive us to the sea, and the sea forces us back to the Barbarians ; between which we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up by the waves, or butchered by the sword.’

⁴⁰ King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons : they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

Silurian swains, and Boadicea⁴¹ taught
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.

‘ Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast, that
hears

The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
And yellow-hair’d, the blue-eyed Saxon came.
He came implored, but came with other aim
Than to protect: for conquest and defence
Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
Pour’d in a fresh invigorating stream,
Blood, where unquell’d a mighty spirit glow’d.
Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice: deriving thence
A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,
In Odin’s hall⁴²; whose blazing roof resounds
The genial uproar of those shades, who fall

⁴¹ Queen of the Iceni.

⁴² It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever groveled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprises, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain; according to the number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.

In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt ;
 And though more polish'd times the martial creed
 Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
 Nor were the surly gifts of war their all.
 Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,
 The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,
 And matchless orders, the deep basis still
 On which ascends my British reign. Untamed
 To the refining subtleties of slaves,
 They brought an happy government along ;
 Form'd by that freedom, which, with secret voice,
 Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,
 And which of old through the whole Scythian mass
 I strong inspired. Monarchical their state,
 But prudently confined, and mingled wise
 Of each harmonious power : only, too much,
 Imperious war into their rule infused,
 Prevail'd their general-king, and chieftain-thanes.

‘ In many a field, by civil fury stain'd,
 Bled the discordant Heptarchy⁴³ ; and long
 (Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd ;
 Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
 Egbert⁴⁴ and Peace on one united throne.

‘ No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm
 Of brighter days, when lo ! the North anew,
 With stormy nations black, on England pour'd

⁴³ The Seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief or monarch, and by the means of an assembly-general, or wittenagemot.

⁴⁴ Egbert, king of Wessex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
The Danish Raven⁴⁵, lured by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far seen, the Demon of devouring flame ;
Rapine, and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart ;
While close behind them march'd the sallow power
Of desolating Famine, who delights
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields ;
And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom
E'en Friendship scared, in sickening horror sinks
Each social sense and tenderness of life.
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread, from the Humber's loud resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with superior arm the Saxon awed.
But Superstition first, and monkish dreams,
And monk-directed cloister-seeking kings,
Had eat away his vigour, eat away
His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering Freedom, which he once respired.
Thus cruel ages pass'd ; and rare appear'd
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred⁴⁶, from the wilds she came
To policed cities and protected plains.

⁴⁵ A famous Danish standard was called Reafan, or Raven. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the Raven wrought upon this standard clapt its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

⁴⁶ Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of juries.

Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk,
Then set entire in Hastings⁴⁷ bloody field.

‘ Compendious war! (on Britain’s glory bent,
So Fate ordain’d) in that decisive day,
The haughty Norman seized at once an isle,
For which, through many a century, in vain,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil’d and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burst;
And, mix’d the genius of these people all,
Their virtues mix’d in one exalted stream,
Here the rich tide of English blood grew full.

‘ A while my Spirit slept; the land a while,
Affrighted, droop’d beneath despotic rage.
Instead of Edward’s⁴⁸ equal gentle laws,
The furious victor’s partial will prevail’d.
All prostrate lay; and, in the secret shade,
Deep-stung, but fearful, Indignation gnash’d
His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil’d,
And of their bulwark, arms; with castles crush’d,
With ruffians quarter’d o’er the bridled land;
The shivering wretches, at the curfew⁴⁹ sound,
Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,
And, through the mournful gloom of ancient times
Mused sad or dream’d of better. E’en to feed

⁴⁷ The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of the Saxon kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

⁴⁸ Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of ‘The Laws of Edward.’

⁴⁹ The Curfew-Bell (from the French *Couvre feu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.

A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starved :
To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame,
The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
And the brown forest ^{so} roughen'd wide around.

‘ But this so dead, so vile submission, long
Endured not. Gathering force, my gradual flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.
Unused to bend, impatient of control,
Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
The Church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Denied her portion of the plunder'd state,
Or tempted, by the timorous and weak,
To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.
The Barons next a nobler league began,
Both those of English and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the Free! press'd by a band ^{so}
Of Patriots, ardent as the summer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see !
Mark ! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the Charter, by which life indeed
Becomes of price, a glory to be man. [affirm'd

‘ Through this, and through succeeding reigns
These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of Opposition ^{so} hence began to blow,

^{so} The New Forest in Hampshire ; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

^{so} On the 5th of June 1215, King John, met by the Barons at Runnemede, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.

^{so} The league formed by the Barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the king.

And often since have lent the country life.
 Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,
 The darkening clouds of evil counsel fly;
 Or should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
 A pestilential ministry, they purge,
 And ventilated states renew their bloom.

‘ Though with the temper’d Monarchy here
 Aristocratic sway, the People still, [mix’d
 Flatter’d by this or that, as interest lean’d,
 No full protection knew. For me reserved,
 And for my Commons, was that glorious turn:
 They crown’d my first attempt, in senates⁵³ rose,
 The fort of Freedom! Slow till then, alone,
 Had work’d that general liberty, that soul [left
 Which generous Nature breathes, and which, when
 By me to bondage was corrupted Rome,
 I through the northern nations wide diffused.
 Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush’d
 From the rude iron regions of the North,
 To Libyan deserts swarm protruding swarm,
 And pour’d new spirit through a slavish world.
 Yet, o’er these Gothic states, the king and chiefs
 Retain’d the high prerogative of war,
 And with enormous property engross’d

⁵³ The commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third’s reign. To a parliament, called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires: and to a parliament, called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the House of Commons to that era.

The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore
Now present, I to raise my reign began
By raising the Democracy, the third
And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
Then was the full, the perfect plan, disclosed
Of Britain's matchless constitution, mix'd
Of mutual checking and supporting powers,
King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of free
Deserving, while the vassal-many droop'd:
For since the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depress'd or raised, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory cast.
Mark from this period the continual proof.

‘ When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves ;
Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,
And poorly passive of insulting foes ;
Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,
Their mercy fear, necessity their faith ;
Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform ;
Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean,
To want rapacious joining shameful waste ;
By counsels weak and wicked, easy roused
To paltry schemes of absolute command,
To seek their splendour in their sure disgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth ;
When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
Combined the loose disjointed public, lost
To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

‘ But when an Edward⁵⁴, and a Henry⁵⁵ breathed

⁵⁴ Edward III.

⁵⁵ Henry V.

Through the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul :
 Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
 When wide-attracted merit round them glow'd :
 Then counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
 Amid the maze of state, determined kept
 Some ruling point in view : when, on the stock
 Of public good and glory grafted, spread
 Their palms, their laurels ; or, if thence they stray'd,
 Swift to return, and patient of restraint :
 When regal state, pre-eminence of place,
 They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
 To be luxurious drones, that only rob
 The busy hive ; as in distinction, power,
 Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first ;
 When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
 Superior rank ; with equal hand, prepared
 To guard the subject, and to quell the foe :
 When such with me their vital influence shed,
 No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard ;
 No foul distrust through wary senates ran,
 Confined their bounty, and their ardour quench'd :
 On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given :
 Safe in their conduct, by their valour fired,
 Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd ;
 And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt⁵⁶ proclaim
 What Kings supported by almighty Love,
 And People fired with Liberty, can do.

‘ Be veil'd the savage reigns⁵⁷, when kindred rage
 The numerous-once Plantagenets devour'd,
 A race to vengeance vow'd ! and when, oppress'd

⁵⁶ Three famous battles, gained by the English over the French.

⁵⁷ During the civil wars betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.

By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant⁵⁸ lent it oil anew.

'Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous cast
His crafty views around; pierced with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the Barons of excessive sway,
At pleasure making and unmaking kings⁵⁹;
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd
A law⁶⁰, that let them, by the silent waste
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By soft degrees a mighty change ensued,
E'en working to this day. With streams, deduced
From these diminish'd floods, the country smiled.
As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,
He foams along; but through Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thousand fields; and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.
His furious son⁶¹ the soul-enslaving chain⁶²,
Which many a doting venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void

⁵⁸ Henry VII.

⁵⁹ The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the 'King-Maker.'

⁶⁰ Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

⁶¹ Henry VIII.

⁶² Of papal dominion.

Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind ;
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood, and horror. The returning light,
That first through Wickliff⁶³ streak'd the priestly
gloom,

Now burst in open day. Bared to the blaze,
Forth from the haunts of Superstition⁶⁴ crawl'd
Her motley sons, fantastic figures all ;
And, wide-dispersed, their useless fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

‘ Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd
A daring canvass, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds⁶⁵ were roll'd
The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
By the plain Indian happily despised,
Yet work'd his woe ; and to the blissful groves,
Where Nature lived herself among her sons,
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to pagan climes before,
The worst the zeal-inflamed barbarian drew.
Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine !
But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

‘ The Commons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
Against the Barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave
The beam to fix. She ! like the secret Eye,
That never closes on a guarded world,

⁶³ John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

⁶⁴ Suppression of monasteries.

⁶⁵ The Spanish West Indies.

So sought, so mark'd, so seized the public good,
 That self-supported, without one ally,
 She awed her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
 Inspired by me, beneath her sheltering arm,
 In spite of raging universal sway⁶⁶
 And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
 My bulwark on the continent, arose.
 Matchless in all the spirit of her days!
 With confidence unbounded, fearless love
 Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
 Cheerful demanded the long-threaten'd fleet⁶⁷,
 And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle,
 Nor ceased the British thunder here to rage:
 The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call;
 In fire and smoke Iberian ports involved,
 The trembling foe e'en to the centre shook
 Of their new-conquer'd world, and, skulking, stole
 By veering winds their Indian treasure home.
 Meantime, Peace, Plenty, Justice, Science, Arts,
 With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.

‘ As yet uncircumscribed the regal power,
 And wild and vague prerogative remain'd;
 A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft
 The helpless subject lay. This to reduce
 To the just limit was my great effort.

‘ By means that evil seem to narrow man,
 Superior beings work their mystic will:
 From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,
 At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smiled. [came,
 ‘ The gathering tempest, Heaven-commission'd,

⁶⁶ The dominion of the house of Austria.

⁶⁷ The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.



Came in the Prince⁶⁸, who, drunk with flattery,
dream'd
His vain pacific counsels ruled the world ;
Though scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitless treaties ; while at home enslaved,
And by a worthless crew insatiate drain'd,
He lost his people's confidence and love :
Irreparable loss ! whence crowns become
An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd :
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd :
Abandon'd Frederick⁶⁹ pined, and Raleigh bled.
But nothing that to these internal broils,
That rancour, he began ; while lawless sway
He, with his slavish Doctors, tried to rear
On metaphysic⁷⁰, on enchanted ground,
And all the mazy quibbles of the schools :
As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence ! not so the dire effect,
The fierce, the foolish discord⁷¹ thence derived,
That tears the country still, by party-rage
And ministerial clamour kept alive.
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Best fitted, faint this prince pursued his claim :
Content to teach the subject-herd, how great,
How sacred he ! how despicable they !

⁶⁸ James I.

⁶⁹ Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen King of Bohemia, but was stripped of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James the First, his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

⁷⁰ The monstrous and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine, indefeasible, hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

⁷¹ The parties of Whig and Tory.

‘But his unyielding son⁷² these doctrines drank,
With all a bigot’s rage; (who never damps
By reasoning his fire) and what they taught,
Warm, and tenacious, into practice push’d.
Senates, in vain, their kind restraint applied:
The more they struggled to support the laws,
His justice-dreading ministers the more
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tired with the
check

Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleased
Of false designing Guilt, the fountain⁷³ he
Of Public Wisdom and of Justice shut.
Wide mourn’d the land. Straight to the voted aid
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,
The’ illegal imposition follow’d harsh,
With execration given, or ruthless squeezed.
From an insulted people, by a band
Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
Oppression walk’d at large, and pour’d abroad
Her unrelenting train: informers, spies,
Blood-hounds, that sturdy Freedom to the grove
Pursue; projectors of aggrieving schemes,
Commerce to load for unprotected seas⁷⁴,
To sell the starving many to the few⁷⁵,
And drain a thousand ways the exhausted land.
E’en from that place, whence healing Peace should
And Gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed [flow,
Their poison⁷⁶ round; and on the venal bench,

⁷² Charles I.

⁷³ Parliaments.

⁷⁴ Ship-money.

⁷⁵ Monopolies.

⁷⁶ The raging High-Church sermons of these times, inspiring a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Instead of Justice, Party held the scale,
And Violence the sword. Afflicted years,
Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.

‘ Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear
And mingled rage, my Hampden raisèd his voice,
And to the laws appeal’d; the laws no more
In judgment sat, behoved some other ear.
When instant from the keen-resentive North,
By long oppression, by religion roused,
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
Was call’d, though meant to furnish hostile aid,
The more than Roman senate. There a flame
Broke out, that clear’d, consumed, renew’d the land.
In deep emotion hurl’d, nor Greece, nor Rome,
Indignant bursting from a tyrant’s chain,
While, full of me, each agitated soul
Strung every nerve and flamed in every eye,
Had e’er beheld such light and heat combined!
Such heads and hearts! such dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course
What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fired
With unabating zeal, and aim’d sincere
To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
And for the future to secure their sway.

‘ This then the purpose of my mildest sons.
But man is blind. A nation once inflamed
(Chief, should the breath of factious fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell’d)
Not easy cools again, From breast to breast,
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix,
In heighten’d blaze; and, ever wise and just,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm.
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapp’d,
And by Confusion’s lawless sons despoil’d,

King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,

Successive, rush'd—Lo ! from their ashes rose,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-State⁷⁷.

‘ The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by those flames dissolved ;
And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king⁷⁸,
Was purchased⁷⁹ that which taught the young to bend.

Stronger restored, the Commons tax'd the whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.

The Crown, of its hereditary wealth
Despoil'd, on senates more dependent grew,
And they more frequent, more assured. Yet lived,
And in full vigour spread that bitter root,
The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
Opposed ferocious, when they touch themselves.

‘ This wild delusive cant ; the rash cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey ;
The bigot, restless in a double chain
To bind anew the land ; the constant need
Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
And flattering senates, to supply his waste ;
These tore some moments from the careless prince,
And in his breast awaked the kindred plan.
By dangerous softness long he mined his way ;
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep ;
By sharing what corruption shower'd, profuse ;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive.

‘ At last subsided the delirious joy,
On whose high billow, from the saintly reign,
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,

⁷⁷ At the Restoration.

⁷⁸ Charles II.

⁷⁹ Court of Wards.

Against his country bribed by Gallic gold;
 The Port⁸⁰ pernicious sold, the Scylla since
 And fell Charybdis of the British seas;
 Freedom attack'd abroad⁸¹, with surer blow
 To cut it off at home; the saviour-league⁸²
 Of Europe broke; the progress e'en advanced
 Of universal sway⁸³, which to reduce
 Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
 The millions, by a generous people given,
 Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
 And awe the land with forces⁸⁴ not their own,
 Employ'd; the darling church herself betray'd;
 All these, broad glaring, oped the general eye,
 And waked my spirit, the resisting soul.

‘Mild was, at first, and half-ashamed, the check
 Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
 Of absolute submission, tenets vile! [duced
 Which slaves would blush to own, and which re-
 To practice, always honest Nature shock.
 Not e'en the mask removed, and the fierce front
 Of tyranny disclosed; nor trampled laws; [land;
 Nor seized each badge of freedom⁸⁵ through the
 Nor Sidney bleeding for the' unpublis'd page;
 Nor on the bench avow'd Corruption placed,
 And murderous Rage itself, in Jefferies' form⁸⁶;
 Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
 Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm.
 Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs

⁸⁰ Dunkirk.

⁸¹ The war in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

⁸² The Triple Alliance. ⁸³ Under Lewis XIV.

⁸⁴ A standing army, raised without the consent of parlia-
 ment.

⁸⁵ The charters of corporations.

⁸⁶ Judge Jefferies.

Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,
The patient public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I roused
The bigot king⁸⁷, and hurried fated on
His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scared
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew.
Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage:
As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns
Awfully still, waiting the high command
To spring. Straight from his country, Europe,
 saved,
To save Britannia, lo! my darling son,
Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep
By demons roused, and bade the listed winds⁸⁸,
Still shifting as behoved, with various breath,
Waft the deliverer to the longing shore.
See! wide alive, the foaming channel⁸⁹ bright
With swelling sails, and all the pride of war,

⁸⁷ James II.

⁸⁸ The Prince of Orange, in his passage to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

⁸⁹ Rapin, in his History of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay by between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war.—It is easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

Delightful view ! when Justice draws the sword :
 And mark ! diffusing ardent soul around,
 And sweet contempt of death, my streaming flag⁹⁰.
 E'en adverse navies⁹¹ bless'd the binding gale,
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
 Arrived, the pomp, and not the waste of arms
 His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host⁹²,
 For once, in yielding their best victory found,
 And by desertion proved exalted faith :
 While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,
 Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

‘ Then dawn'd the period destined to confine
 The surge of wild prerogative, to raise
 A mound restraining its imperious rage,
 And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
 Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
 Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
 Sustaining weighty seas. This, often saved
 By more than human hand, the public saw,
 And seized the white-wing'd moment. Pleased⁹³
 to yield

Destructive power, a wise heroic prince⁹⁴
 E'en lent his aid—Thrice happy ! did they know
 Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings.
 What though not theirs the boast, in dungeon
 glooms,

⁹⁰ The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, ‘ The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England ;’ and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, ‘ *Je maintiendrai*, I will maintain.’ Rapin.

⁹¹ The English fleet.

⁹² The king's army.

⁹³ By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succession.

⁹⁴ William III.

To plunge bold Freedom ; or, to cheerless wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of friend ;
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day.
What though no glory to control the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it. What though, tools of wanton
power,

Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call.
What though they give not a relentless crew
Of civil furies, proud Oppression's fangs !
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving labour pampering idle waste.
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone Affliction's eye ;
To raise hid merit, set the' alluring light
Of virtue high to view ; to nourish arts,
Direct the thunder of an injured state,
Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless humankind, and through the downward depth
Of future times to spread that better sun
Which lights up British soul : for deeds like these,
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies ;
While (still superior bliss !) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
O luxury divine ! O poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones !
By this, by this indeed, is imaged Heaven,
By boundless good, without the power of ill.
‘ And now behold ! exalted as the cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,
And like it free, my fabric stands complete,
The palace of the laws. To the four heavens

Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,
With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
The sheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows,
And glad contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye floods, descend! Ye winds, confirming, blow!
Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the dust.'

LIBERTY.

PART V.

THE PROSPECT.

Contents.

The author addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, Sciences, Fine Arts, and Public Works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government. The whole concludes with a Prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty : this described by the author, as it passes in vision before him.

LIBERTY.

PART V.

HERE interposing, as the Goddess paused ;
' O bless'd Britannia ! in thy presence bless'd,
Thou guardian of mankind ! whence spring, alone,
All human grandeur, happiness, and fame ;
For toil, by thee protected, feels no pain ;
The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows ;
And, gilded with thy rays, e'en death looks gay.
Let other lands the potent blessings boast
Of more exalting suns. Let Asia's woods,
Untended, yield the vegetable fleece :
And let the little insect-artist form,
On higher life intent, its silken tomb.
Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose
The various-tinctured children of the Sun.
From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst
With floods of joy ; with mild balsamic juice
The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe
Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil.
Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow ;
And orient floods draw soft, o'er pearls, their maze.
Let Afric vaunt her treasures ; let Peru
Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,
The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd,—
Unequal'd bliss !—and to unequal'd rage !
Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,

The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder soft away ; till, tottering loose,
They, prone at last, to total ruin rush.
Unbless'd by virtue, government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law ; religion mild, a yoke
To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
What are, without it, senates ; save a face
Of consultation deep and reason free,
While the determined voice and heart are sold ?
What boasted freedom, save a sounding name ?
And what election, but a market vile
Of slaves self-barter'd ? Virtue ! without thee,
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states ;
War has no vigour, and no safety peace :
E'en justice warps to party, laws oppress,
Wide through the land their weak protection fails,
First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.
Thus nations sink, society dissolves ;
Rapine and Guile and Violence break loose,
Everting life, and turning love to gall ;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.

‘ By those three virtues be the frame sustain'd
Of British freedom ; independent life ;
Integrity in office ; and, o'er all
Supreme, a passion for the commonweal. [gift,

‘ Hail ! Independence, hail ! Heaven's next best
To that of life and an immortal soul !
The life of life ! that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
Of public freedom, hail, thou secret source !
Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form

My better Nile, that nurses human life.
By rills from thee deduced, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That Nature craves. Its happy master there,
The only freeman, walks his pleasing round :
Sweet-featured Peace attending ; fearless Truth ;
Firm Resolution ; Goodness, blessing all
That can rejoice ; Contentment, surest friend ;
And, still fresh stores from Nature's book derived,
Philosophy, companion ever new.

These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
When into action call'd, his busy hours.
Meantime true-judging moderate desires,
Economy, and taste, combined, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
Whom fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated ease,
That self-enjoyment springing from within ;
That independence, active or retired,
Which make the soundest bliss of man below :
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.

‘Lo ! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expense
They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.
Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,
See ! how the hall with brutal riot flows ;
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark ! those disgraceful piles of wood and stone ;
Those parks and gardens, whére, his haunts be-
trimm'd,

And Nature by presumptuous Art oppress'd,
The woodland-genius mourns. See ! the full board
That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy;
No truth invited there, to feed the mind ;
Nor wit, the wine-rejoicing Reason quaffs.
Hark ! how the dome with insolence resounds,
With those retain'd by vanity to scare
Repose and friends. To tyrant fashion, mark !
The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope,
See ! self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck !
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd ; or to the buzz
Of masquerade unblushing : or, to show
Their scorn of Nature, at the tragic scene
They mirthful sit, or prove the comic true.
But, chief, behold ! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers ranged ; and e'en the fair,
The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside,
As fierce for plunder as all-licensed troops
In some sack'd city. Thus dissolved their wealth,
Without one generous luxury dissolved,
Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe :
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,
And for their falsehood each despising each ;
Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,
Wide flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him bare.
O far superior Afric's sable sons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves !
And rich, as unsqueezed favourite to them,
Is he who can his virtue boast alone !

‘ Britons ! be firm !—nor let Corruption sly
Twine round your heart indissoluble chains !
The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
By Cæsar cast o’er Rome ; but still remain’d
The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæsars rose. Determined, hold
Your independence ; for, that once destroy’d,
Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aërial from the spreading eye.

‘ Forbid it, Heaven ! that ever I need urge
Integrity in office on my sons !
Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
And whom ?—the gracious, the confiding hand,
That lavishly rewards ; the toiling poor,
Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mix’d ;
The guardian public ; every face they see,
And every friend ; nay, in effect themselves.
As in familiar life, the villain’s fate
Admits no cure ; so, when a desperate age
At this arrives, I the devoted race
Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.

‘ But, ah too little known to modern times !
Be not the noblest passion pass’d unsung ;
That ray peculiar, from unbounded love
Effused, which kindles the heroic soul ;
Devotion to the public. Glorious flame !
Celestial ardour ! in what unknown worlds,
Profusely scatter’d through the blue immense,
Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names
From thee their lustre drew ? since, taught by
thee,
Their poverty put splendour to the blush,
Pain grew luxurious, and e’en death delight ?

O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this my last retreat?

‘ Tis not enough, from self right understood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart:
Though Virtue not disdains appeals to self,
Dreads not the trial; all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy save hers.

Far less the tepid the declaiming race,
Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,
Or those whom private passions, for a while,
Beneath my standard list; can they suffice
To raise and fix the glory of my reign?

‘ An active flood of universal love
Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
The restless spirit roves creation round,
And seizes every being: stronger then
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
Of bliss allies: then, more collected still,
It urges humankind: a passion grown,
At last, the central parent-public calls
Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers
Than those of self, this Heaven-infused delight,
This moral gravitation rushing prone
To press the public good, my system soon,
Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin: while for ever shut
Stand the bright portals of desponding Fame.

‘ From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
None of those ancient lights, that gladden earth,
Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
To just ambition, virtue's quickening fire!
Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,

A dull gazette ! The impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page ; till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame.
Not so the times when, emulation-stung,
Greece shone in genius, science, and in arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told !
To live was glory then ! and charm'd mankind,
Through the deep periods of devolving time,
Those, raptured, copy ; these, astonish'd, read.

‘ True, a corrupted state, with every vice
And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye ?
The pale inveigling smile ? the ruffian front ?
The wretch abandon'd to relentless self,
Equally vile if miser or profuse ?
Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt !
The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak², at distance from redress ?
Delirious faction bellowing loud my name ?
The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast ?
A race resolved on bondage, fierce for chains,
My sacred rights a merchandise alone
Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will
By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepared,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old ?
Who these indeed can undetesting see ?—
But who unpitying ? to the generous eye
Distress is virtue ; and, though self-betray'd,
A people struggling with their fate must rouse
The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,

². Lord Molesworth, in his account of Denmark, says—‘ It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects ; whilst the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression.’

Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then!
Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,
Protect the feeble, dash bold Vice aside,
Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.
Posterity, besides! the young are pure,
And sons may tinge their fathers' cheek with shame.

‘Should then the times arrive (which Heaven avert!)

That Britons bend unnerved, not by the force
Of arms, more generous, and more manly quell'd,
But by Corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
Arts impudent! and gross! by their own gold,
In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all.
With party raging, or immersed in sloth,
Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
To sly-conquering Gaul; e'en from her brow
Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
And nerveless sink while others sing rejoiced,
Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,
That sits serene within the forest-shade;
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants,
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepared
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught;
Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead
The hired assassins of the commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should public virtue grow the public scoff,
Till private, failing, staggers through the land:
Till round the city loose mechanic Want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,

Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace;
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound :
Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop;
The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold ;
And those, on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
A power to live to Nature and themselves,
In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune, joyless, and with honours, mean.
Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around,
The waste of war, without the works of peace ;
No mark of millions in the gulf absorp'd
Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
Of roused Corruption still demanding more.
That very portion, which (by faithful skill
Employ'd) might make the smiling Public rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
A locust-band within, and in the bud
Leaves starved each work of dignity and use.

‘ I paint the worst. But should these times
If any nobler passion yet remain, [arrive,
Let all my sons all parties fling aside,
Despise their nonsense, and together join ;
Let worth and virtue, scorning low despair,
Exerted full, from every quarter shine, [light,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to
Moral, or intellectual, more intense
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve,
Gradual, the stars effulge ; fainter, at first,
They, straggling, rise ; but when the radiant host,
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
Each casting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

‘ But why to Britons this superfluous strain ?—
Good-nature, honest truth, e'en somewhat blunt,
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause,
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
Nor only wont—wide o'er the land diffused,
In many a bless'd retirement still they dwell.

‘ To softer prospect turn we now the view,
To laurel'd science, arts, and public works,
That lend my finish'd fabric comely pride,
Grandeur and grace. Of sullen genius he !
Cursed by the Muses ! by the Graces loathed !
Who deems beneath the public's high regard
These last enlivening touches of my reign.
However puff'd with power, and gorged with
A nation be ; let trade enormous rise, [wealth,
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour,
Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burst o'er the city and devour the land ;
Yet these neglected, these recording arts,
Wealth rots, a nuisance ; and, oblivious sunk,
That nation must another Carthage lie.
If not by them, on monumental brass,
On sculptured marble, on the deathless page,
Impress'd, renown had left no trace behind :
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
The legislator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
The' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath,
They rouse ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
Delight the general eye, and, dress'd by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.

‘ Science, my close associate, still attends
Where'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,

She walks the furrow with the consul-swain.
Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
Direct ; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
Of fancy dress'd, she charms Athenian wits,
And a whole sapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod:
With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat³
Unequal'd glory: with the Theban sage,
Epaminondas, first and best of men !
Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,
Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,
March to sure conquest—never gain'd before⁴ !
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state
Unskilful she : when the triumphant tide
Of high-swoln empire wears one boundless smile,
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease,
Where, but the' Aonian maids, no sirens sing ;
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully she her wide-reviving light
To senates holds ; a Catiline confounds,
And saves a while from Cæsar sinking Rome.
Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves
Each mental fetter, and sets reason free ;
For me inspiring an' enlighten'd zeal,

³ The famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

⁴ Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedæmonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion, at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories. *Plutarch in Agesilaus.*

The more tenacious as the more convinced
How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The Goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts
To them the treasures of a balanced world.
But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung
In daring flight, above all modern wing,) Neglected droop the head; and public works,
Broke by corruption into private gain,
Not ornament, disgrace; not serve, destroy.

‘Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom ruled
Beneath one royal head, whose vital power
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
In finer arts, and public works, shall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
Depress’d, and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, should the’ unkingly thirst of gold,
Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locust-armies o’er the blasted land:
Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,
His own insatiate reservoir to fill:
To the lone desert patriot Merit frowns,
Or into dungeons Arts, when they, their chains,
Indignant, bursting; for their nobler works
All other licence scorn but Truth’s and mine.
Oh shame to think! shall Britons, in the field
Unconquer’d still, the better laurel lose?
E’en in that monarch’s reign⁵, who vainly dream’d,
By giddy power betray’d, and flatter’d pride,
To grasp unbounded sway; while, swarming round,
His armies dared all Europe to the field;
To hostile hands while treasure flow’d profuse,
And, that great source of treasure, subjects’ blood,

⁵ Lewis XIV.

Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land ;
From Britain, chief, while my superior sons,
In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low ;
E'en then, as in the golden calm of peace,
What public works, at home, what arts arose !
What various science shone ! what genius glow'd !

‘ Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot
O'er fair extents of land, the shining road ;
The flood-compelling arch ; the long canal⁶ ;
Through mountains piercing and uniting seas ;
The dome⁷ resounding sweet with infant joy,
From famine saved, or cruel-handed shame ;
And that⁷ where Valour counts his noble scars ;
The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce demon, Gothic duel, freed ;
The robber from his farthest forest chased ;
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into sure peace the best police refined,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd arts,
And science, by despotic bounty bless'd,
At distance flourish'd from my parent-eye.
Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose :
How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
The trembling stage. In elegant Racine,
How the more powerful though more humble voice
Of nature-painting Greece, resistless, breathed
The whole-awaken'd heart. How Moliere's scene,
Chastised and regular, with well-judged wit,
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, graced,
Was life itself. To public honours raised,

⁶ The Canal of Languedoc.

⁷ The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.

How learning in warm seminaries⁸ spread;
 And, more for glory than the small reward,
 How emulation strove. How their pure tongue
 Almost obtain'd what was denied their arms.
 From Rome, a while, how Painting, courted long,
 With Poussin came; ancient design, that lifts
 A fairer front, and looks another soul.
 How the kind art⁹, that, of unvalued price,
 The famed and only picture, easy, gives,
 Refined her touch, and, through the shadow'd piece,
 All the live spirit of the painter pour'd.
 Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
 A look, and bade her Girardon arise.
 How lavish grandeur blazed; the barren waste,
 Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell,
 And fountains spout amid its arid shades.
 For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
 How forests in majestic gardens smiled.
 How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,
 Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
 In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,
 The palace cheer'd, illumed the storied wall,
 And with the pencil vied the glowing loom¹⁰.

‘ These laurels, Louis, by the droppings raised
 Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade, [brow;
 And, green through future times, shall bind thy
 While the vain honours of perfidious war
 Wither abhor'd, or in oblivion lost.
 With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
 And stole a deeper root, by the full tide
 Of war-sunk millions fed! Superior still,

⁸ The Academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

⁹ Engraving. ¹⁰ The tapestry of the Gobelins.

How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of Freedom swell'd ! Forced is the bloom of arts,
A false uncertain spring, when Bounty gives,
Weak without me, a transitory gleam.

Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies
Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow ;
Till arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
Their tender blossom : then malignant rise
The blights of Envy, of those insect clouds,
That, blasting merit, often cover courts :
Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæceus aid
The doubtful beamings of his prince's soul,
His wavering ardour fix, and unconfined
Diffuse his warm beneficence around ;
Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants come,
Each sprig of genius killing at the root.
But when with me imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring ;
While mingled autumn every harvest pours
Of every land ; whate'er Invention, Art,
Creating Toil, and Nature can produce.'

Here ceased the Goddess ; and her ardent wings,
Dipp'd in the colours of the Heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
Prepared, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer :
' Oh forming light of life ! O better Sun !
Sun of mankind ! by whom the cloudy north,
Sublimed, not envies Languedocian skies,
That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile :
When shall we call these ancient laurels ours ?
And when thy work complete ? Straight with her
Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes. [hand
As at the touch of day the shades dissolve,

So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below :
The future shone disclosed, and, in long view,
Bright rising eras instant rush'd to light. [hold!]

‘ They come! great Goddess ! I the times be-
The times our fathers, in the bloody field,
Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
In the warm struggles of the senate-fight.
The times I see! whose glory to supply,
For toiling ages, Commerce round the world
Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with Rome
Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.

‘ Lo ! Princes I behold ! contriving still,
And still conducting firm some brave design ;
Kings ! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
Burst the blockade of false designing men,
Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
And of the blinding clouds around them thrown :
Their court rejoicing millions ; Worth, alone,
And Virtue dear to them ; their best delight,
In just proportion, to give general joy ;
Their jealous care thy kingdom to maintain ;
The public glory theirs ; unsparing love
Their endless treasure ; and their deeds their praise.
With thee they work. Nought can resist your
force :

Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats ;
Strong spread the blooms of Genius, Science, Art ;
His bashful bounds disclosing Merit breaks ;
And, big with fruits of glory, Virtue blows
Expansive o'er the land. Another race
Of generous youth, of patriot-sires, I see !
Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze

Of court, and ball, and play: those venal souls,
Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,
That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.

‘ I see the fountains purged! whence life derives
A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud,
But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.
Then, beam'd through fancy the refining ray,
And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
At once informing light and moving flame;
Till moral, public, graceful action crowns
The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
In all that mind or body can adorn,
And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits,
Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.

‘ Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
Unpurchased shines on all; and from her beam,
Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,
That prowl amid the darkness they themselves
Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves;
See! how her legal furies bite the lip,
While Yorkes and Talbots their deep snares detect,
And seize swift justice through the clouds they raise.

‘ See! social Labour lifts his guarded head,
And men not yield to government in vain.
From the sure land is rooted ruffian Force,
And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle Waste;
Lo! raised their haunts, down dash'd their mad-
dening bowl,
A nation's poison! beauteous order reigns!
Manly submission, unimposing toil,

Trade without guile, civility that marks
From the foul herd of brutal slaves thy sons,
And fearless peace. Or should affronting war
To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just,
Unfailing fields of freemen I behold!
That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
Their own bless'd isle against a leaguing world.
Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
Dissolved her dream of universal sway:
The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain;
And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.

‘ Lo ! swarming southward on rejoicing suns,
Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
Of undeserved distress, the better home
Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.
Nor built on rapine, servitude, and woe,
And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise;
Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah sees.

‘ Horrid with want and misery, no more
Our streets the tender passenger afflict.
Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,
Or home, or bed to bear his burning load;
Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd
Its guiltless pangs; I see ! the stores, profuse,
Which British bounty has to these assign'd,
No more the sacrilegious riot swell
Of cannibal devourers ! right applied,
No starving wretch the land of freedom stains:
If poor, employment finds; if old, demands,
If sick, if maim'd, his miserable due;
And will, if young, repay the fondest care.
Sweet sets the sun of stormy life; and sweet

The morning shines, in Mercy's dews array'd.
Lo ! how they rise ! these families of Heaven !
That ! chief¹¹, (but why—ye bigots !—why so late?)
Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age :
What smiles of praise ! and, while their song as-
The listening seraph lays his lute aside. [cends,

‘ Hark ! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,
With active Nature, warm impassion'd truth,
Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
Of various string, and heart-felt image fill'd.
Behold ! I see the dread delightful school
Of temper'd passions, and of polish'd life,
Restored : behold ! the well-dissembled scene
Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.
Lo ! vanish'd monster-land. Lo ! driven away
Those that Apollo's sacred walks profane :
Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
Unknown to Nature, Chaos more confused,
O'er the brute scene its ouran-outangs pours¹² ;
Detested forms ! that, on the mind impress'd,
Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.

‘ Behold ! all thine again the Sister Arts,
Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.
Nursed by the treasure from a nation drain'd
Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse
Their untamed genius, their unfetter'd thought ;
Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.

‘ Lo ! numerous domes a Burlington confess :
For kings and senates fit, the palace see !

¹¹ The Foundling Hospital.

¹² A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man.
See Dr. Tyson's *Treatise on this animal*.

The temple breathing a religious awe;
E'en framed with elegance the plain retreat,
The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
Taste, never idly working, saves expense.

' See ! silvan scenes, where Art alone preten—
To dress her mistress, and disclose her charm—
Such as a Pope in miniature has shown ¹³ ;
A Bathurst o'er the widening forest ¹⁴ spreads =
And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stow—

' August, around, what public works I see !
Lo ! stately streets, lo ! squares that court ~~the~~
breeze !

In spite of those to whom pertains the care,
Ingulfing more than founded Roman ways,
Lo ! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
Connecting sea to sea, the solid road,
Lo ! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)
With easy sweep bestrides the chasing flood.
See ! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join
Each part with each, and with the circling main
The whole enliven'd isle. Lo ! ports expand,
Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.
Lo ! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
On every pointed coast the light-house towers ;
And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,
Hark ! how the baffled storm indignant roars.'

As thick to view these varied wonders rose,
Shook all my soul with transport, unassured,
The Vision broke ; and, on my waking eye,
Rush'd the still ruins of dejected Rome.

¹³ At his Twickenham Villa.

¹⁴ Okely-woods, near Cirencester,

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS MOTHER¹.

Ye fabled Muses, I your aid disclaim,
 Your airy raptures, and your fancied flame :
 True genuine woe my throbbing breast inspires,
 Love prompts my lays, and filial duty fires ;
 The soul springs instant at the warm design,
 And the heart dictates every flowing line.
 See ! where the kindest, best of mothers lies,
 And death has shut her ever-weeping eyes ;
 Has lodged at last peace in her weary breast,
 And lull'd her many piercing cares to rest.
 No more the orphan-train around her stands,
 While her full heart upbraids her needy hands !
 No more the widow's lonely fate she feels,
 The shock severe that modest want conceals,
 The oppressor's scourge, the scorn of wealthy pride,
 And poverty's unnumber'd ills beside.
 For see ! attended by the angelic throng,
 Through yonder worlds of light she glides along,
 And claims the well-earn'd raptures of the sky :—
 Yet fond concern recalls the mother's eye ;
 She seeks the helpless orphans left behind ;
 So hardly left ! so bitterly resign'd !
 Still, still ! is she my soul's divinest theme,
 The waking vision, and the wailing dream :

¹ Elizabeth Trotter, a coheiress of a genteel family in the neighbourhood of Greenlaw, in Berwickshire.

Amid the ruddy sun's enlivening blaze
 O'er my dark eyes her dewy image plays,
 And in the dread dominion of the night
 Shines out again the sadly pleasing sight.
 Triumphant virtue all around her darts,
 And more than volumes every look imparts—
 Looks, soft, yet awful ; melting, yet serene ;
 Where both the mother and the saint are seen.
 But ah ! that night—that torturing night remains ;
 May darkness dye it with the deepest stains,
 May Joy on it forsake her rosy bowers,
 And screaming Sorrow blast its baleful hours,
 When on the margin of the briny flood ²
 Chill'd with a sad presaging damp I stood,
 Took the last look, ne'er to behold her more,
 And mix'd our murmurs with the wavy roar ;
 Heard the last words fall from her pious tongue,
 Then, wild into the bulging vessel flung,
 Which soon, too soon, convey'd me from her sight,
 Dearer than life, and liberty, and light !
 Why was I then, ye powers, reserved for this ?
 Nor sunk that moment in the vast abyss ?
 Devour'd at once by the relentless wave,
 And whelm'd for ever in a watery grave ?—
 Down, ye wild wishes of unruly woe !—
 I see her with immortal beauty glow ;
 The early wrinkle, care-contracted, gone,
 Her tears all wiped, and all her sorrows flown ;
 The exalted voice of Heaven I hear her breathe,
 To sooth her soul in agonies of death.
 I see her through the mansions bless'd above,
 And now she meets her dear expecting Love.

² On the shore of Leith, when he embarked for London.

Heart-cheering sight ! but yet, alas ! o'erspread
 By the damp gloom of Grief's uneheerful shade.
 Come then, of reason the reflecting hour,
 And let me trust the kind o'erruling Power,
 Who from the night commands the shining day,
 The poor man's portion, and the orphan's stay !

TO THE MEMORY OF



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

(INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.)

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,
 To mingle with his stars ; and every Muse,
 Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
 Of honours due to his illustrious name ?
 But what can man ?—E'en now the sons of light,
 In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,
 Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
 Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
 And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
 Etherial flames ! ambitious, I aspire
 In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye show your guest !
 Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
 Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws,
 Could trace the secret hand of Providence,
 Wide-working through this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the Suns
 And Planets to their spheres ! the' unequal task
 Of humankind till then. Oft had they roll'd
 O'er erring man the year, and oft disgraced

The pride of schools, before their course was known
Full in its causes and effects to him,
All-piercing sage! Who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names ;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone. [strong!]

What were his raptures then! how pure! how
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdued by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing through, he by the blended power
Of Gravitation and Projection saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons,
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fix'd our wandering queen of night,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, he
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning : till again

The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss;
Or such as further in successive skies
To fancy shone alone, at his approach
Blazed into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system: all combined,
And ruled unerring by that single power,
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine !
O wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete ! And O, beloved
Of Heaven ! whose well-purged penetrative eye
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.

He, first of men, with awful wing pursued
The Comet through the long elliptic curve,
As round innumEROus worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling Vortices, and circling Spheres,
To their first great simplicity restored.
The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,

With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun !

The aërial flow of sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam, of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.
E'en Light itself, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day ;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educed the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny Orange next ;
And next delicious Yellow ; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green.
Then the pure Blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerged the deepen'd Indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting Violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watery bow ;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain ; infinite source
Of beauty, ever blushing, ever new.

Did ever poet image aught so fair, [brook?
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse
Or prophet, to whose rapture Heaven descends ?
E'en now the setting Sun and shifting clouds,

Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.

The noiseless tide of Time, all bearing down
To vast Eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stellm'd alone; and to the source (involved
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, raised
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew: in Fancy's lighter thought,
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge? For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh, speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm establish'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection: far above
Those little cares, and visionary joys,
That so perplex the fond impulsion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
 You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
 That reach impatient at immortal life,
 Against the prime endearing privilege
 Of Being dare contend,—say, can a soul
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
 Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
 Of spirits dancing through their tubes a while,
 And then for ever lost in vacant air?

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
 Solemn as when some awful change is come,
 Sound through the world—‘Tis done!—The mea-
 sure’s full;

And I resign my charge.’—Ye mouldering stones,
 That build the towering pyramid, the proud
 Triumphal arch, the monument effaced
 By ruthless ruin, and whate’er supports
 The worship’d name of hoar Antiquity,
 Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast
 While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
 Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop
 Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
 Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
 These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
 And elegiac song. But Newton calls
 For other notes of gratulation high,
 That now he wanders through those endless worlds
 He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
 And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.
 O Britain’s boast! whether with angels thou
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-bless’d,
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,

Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
 And grateful adoration, for that light
 So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
 From light himself; Oh, look with pity down
 On humankind, a frail erroneous race!
 Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
 O'er thy dejected Country chief preside,
 And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,
 Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.
 For, though depraved and sunk, she brought thee
 forth,
 And glories in thy name; she points thee out
 To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
 While in expectance of the second life,
 When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
 Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN¹.

OH, could I draw, my friend, thy genuine mind,
 Just as the living forms by thee design'd;
 Of Raphael's figures none should fairer shine,
 Nor Titian's colours longer last than mine.
 A mind in wisdom old, in lenience young,
 From fervent Truth where every virtue sprung;

¹ Mr. Aikman was born in Scotland, and designed for the profession of the law: but travelled to Italy, and returned a painter. He was patronized in Scotland by the Duke of Argyll, and afterwards met with encouragement to settle in London: but falling into a long and languishing disease, he died at his house in Leicester-fields, June, 1731, aged 50. Boyse wrote a panegyric upon him, and Mallet an epitaph. See Walpole's Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 41.

Where all was real, modest, plain, sincere ;
Worth above show, and goodness unsevere ;
View'd round and round, as lucid diamonds throw
Still as you turn them a revolving glow,
So did his mind reflect with secret ray,
In various virtues, Heaven's internal day ;
Whether in high discourse it soar'd sublime
And sprung impatient o'er the bounds of Time,
Or wandering Nature through, with raptured eye,
Adored the hand that turn'd yon azure sky :
Whether to social life he bent his thought,
And the right poise of mingling passions sought,
Gay converse bless'd ; or in the thoughtful grove
Bid the heart open every source of love :
New varying lights still set before your eyes
The just, the good, the social, or the wise.
For such a death who can, who would refuse
The friend a tear, a verse the mournful muse ?
Yet pay we just acknowledgment to Heaven,
Though snatch'd so soon, that Aikman e'er was
given.

A friend, when dead, is but removed from sight,
Hid in the lustre of eternal light :
Oft with the mind he wonted converse keeps
In the lone walk, or when the body sleeps
Lets in a wandering ray, and all elate
Wings and attracts her to another state ;
And, when the parting storms of life are o'er,
May yet rejoin him in a happier shore.
As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart ;
Till loosen'd life at last—but breathing clay,
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.

Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
Till dying, all he can resign is breath.

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
THE RIGHT HON. LORD TALBOT,
LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.
(ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.)

WHILE with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father lost; permit the Muse,
The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,
To praise dead worth and humble living pride,
Whose generous task begins where interest ends;
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspired,
Which means not to bestow but borrow fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—
Unhappy that she may.—But where begin?
How from the diamond single out each ray,
Where all, though trembling with ten thousand
Effuse one dazzling undivided light? [hues,

Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.

Eternal Wisdom, that all-quicken^g Sun,
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things ;
Chief what to human life and human bliss
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man :
And hence, responsive to his knowledge glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
In consort foul, agree ; each heightening each ;
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.

What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
What talent, or what virtue was not his ;
What that can render man or great, or good,
Give useful worth, or amiable grace ?
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleased
With selfish peace. The Syren of the wise,
(Who steals the' Aonian song, and, in the shape
Of Virtue, woos them from a worthless world)
Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollect^{ed}, calm,
As silent night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking interest or luxurious vice,
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,
Than those that mingled with our truest good,
With present honour and immortal fame,

Invoke the good of all ? An empty form
Is the weak Virtue, that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amused,
While Wickedness and Folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action : action, that disdain'd
To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life,
That might be saved ; disdain'd for coward ease,
And her insipid pleasures, to resign
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
And those high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.

Early, behold ! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the spring
Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs :
While gay behind her, smiles the kindling waste
Of ruffian storms and Winter's lawless rage.
In him Astrea, to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men, return'd again :
To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, sought the good
Of humankind. For that he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots, when they model states :
Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold
His still-awaken'd soul ; nor friends had charms
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour ;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led,
He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill,
Where, raised above black Envy's darkening
clouds,

Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
Be named, victorious ravagers, no more !
Vanish, ye human comets ! shrink your blaze !
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,
You scatter famine, pestilence, and war ;
Vanish ! before this vernal Sun of fame ;
Effulgent sweetness ! beaming life and joy.

How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke !
While on the' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah ! when, ye studious of the laws, again
Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear ?
When shall again the darkest truths, perplex'd,
Be set in ample day ? when shall the harsh
And arduous open into smiling ease ?
The solid mix with elegant delight ?
His was the talent with the purest light
At once to pour conviction on the soul,
And warm with lawful flame the' impassion'd heart.
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodged
By Heaven— He, sacred to his country's cause,
To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,
To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,
Reserved the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,
He all that noblest eloquence effused, [breathes:
Which generous passion, taught by reason,
Then spoke the man ; and, over barren art,
Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom then
His client was, humanity and truth.

Placed on the seat of justice, there he reign'd,
In a superior sphere of cloudless day,

A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemperate heat,
No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of justice, like the steady Sun,
Its equal ardour lent; and sometimes raised
Against the sons of violence, of pride,
And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd.
As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
Yet with progressive patience step by step,
Self-difflent, or to the slower kind,
He through the maze of falsehood traced it on,
Till, at the last, evolved, it full appear'd,
And e'en the loser own'd the just decree.

But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
Enlighten'd Freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
His insight deep into Britannia's weal,
Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law,
No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words
Fell on the cheated ear; no studied maze
Of declamation, to perplex the right,
He darkening threw around: safe in itself,
In its own force, all-powerful Reason spoke;
While on the great the ruling point, at once,
He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen further out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence unbid,
The heart attends: for let the venal try
Their every hardening stupifying art,
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends ! How rare, in courts,
Such wisdom ! such abilities ! and join'd
To virtue so determined public zeal,
And honour of such adamantine proof,
As e'en corruption, hopeless, and o'er-awed,
Durst not have tempted ! yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please,
Nobly to please ; while equally he scorn'd
Or adulation to receive, or give.
Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye
Of such inspection keen, and general care !
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
Toil may resign his careless head to rest,
And ever-jealous freedom sleep in peace.
Ah ! lost untimely ! lost in downward days !
And many a patriot-counsel with him lost !
Counsels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,
Her native foe, from eldest time by Fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.

Let learning, arts, let universal worth,
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge,
Unlike the sons of vanity, that veil'd
Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous Source of good !
His sympathizing heart itself received
The generous obligation he bestow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muses own,
But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid
Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.

The gracious stream, that cheers the letter'd world,
Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
Whose sudden current, from the naked root,
Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the blushing flowers :
No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
The silent treasures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their stores, the still night long ;
Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world,
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.

Still let me view him in the pleasing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
There, with that truest greatness he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing ; kindly veil'd
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
Inspiring social confidence and ease.
As free the converse of the wise and good,
As joyous, disentangling every power,
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when amid the various-blossom'd spring,
Or gentle-beaming Autumn's pensive shade,
The philosophic mind with Nature talks.
Say ye, his sons, his dear remains, with whom
The father laid superfluous state aside,
Yet raised your filial duty thence the more,
With friendship raised it, with esteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh ! speak the joy,
The pure serene, the cheerful wisdom mild,
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
In semblance of amusement, through the breast
Infused. And thou, O Rundle¹ ! lend thy strain,
Thou darling friend ! thou brother of his soul !

¹ Dr. Rundle, late Bishop of Derry in Ireland.

In whom the head and heart their stores unite :
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
Judgment digests, the well-tuned bosom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,
With memory conversing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,
Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush,
Impetuous. Though from native sun-shine driven,
Driven from your friends, the sun-shine of the soul,
By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth ; yet will you bless your lot,
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm ; of kindred tempers born ;
Nursed, by experience, into slow esteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the sweet light from mingled minds disclosed,
From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.

I too remember well that cheerful bowl,
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain ;
Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth ;
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
Not simple Nature's unaffected sons,
The blameless Indians, round their forest-cheer,
In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
Hold more unspotted converse ; nor, of old,
Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They fared, with stricter virtue fed the soul :

Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refined, or deeper science reign'd.

But far beyond the little vulgar bounds
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Extended his benevolence: a friend
To humankind, to parent Nature's works.
Of free access, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And spread an open countenance, where smiled
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:
For nothing human foreign was to him.

Thus to a dread inheritance, my lord,
And hard to be supported, you succeed:
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, through latest time, enrich your race,
When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust,
And with their authors in oblivion sunk
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, through every land and age,
Of universal Reason's various sons,
And e'en of God himself, sole perfect Judge!
Yet know these noblest honours of the mind
On rigid terms descend: the high-placed heir,
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
Malignant seeks out faults, cannot through life,
Amid the nameless insects of a court,

Unheeded steal : but, with his sire compared,
He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear
A name to Britons dear, the' officious Muse.
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.

Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and strength,
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy
That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worst of zealots ! ye that, prone
To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,
And every pain its balm : a Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues claim another source,
Than the blind maze of undesigning blood ;
Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.

Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country : whence to bless mankind,
Eternal goodness, on this darksome spot
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold ! approved
By the tremendous Judge of Heaven and earth,
And to the' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
 Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,
With joyful pride, Britanpia's blameless boast.
Ah ! who is he, that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptured ?—'Tis the best of sons !
The best of friends !—Too soon is realized

That hope, which once forbad thy tears to flow !
Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land,
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error) mingled now,
In one selected never-jarring state,
Where God himself their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy ; yet, such the sense that still
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.
But cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive
To quit this cloudy sphere, that binds thee down :
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes.—
Scenes, that our gross ideas groveling cast
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb.

Forgive, immortal Shade ! if aught from earth,
From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,
Where flows celestial harmony, forgive
This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves
Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs
And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The sons of justice and the sons of strife,
All who or freedom or who interest prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all,
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to Heaven.
Glad Heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres
With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute then ! this lowly lay !
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires.
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her priestess, gives it her to hymn
Whatever good and excellent she forms.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.

HERE, Stanley, rest ! escaped this mortal strife,
 Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
 Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
 And sternly try thee with a year of pain ;
 No more sweet Patience, feigning oft relief,
 Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief :
 With tender art to save her anxious groan,
 No more thy bosom presses down its own :
 Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere :
 Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear !

O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm ;
 To show us Virtue in her fairest form ;
 To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
 What boastful Science arrogates in vain ;
 The' obedient passions knowing each their part ;
 Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey ;
 When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
 Tired with vain life, will close the willing eye :
 'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
 Bless'd be the bark ! that wafts us to the shore,
 Where death-divided friends shall part no more :
 To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
 Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF
 ST. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
 And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear ;
 While all my warring passions are at strife,
 O, let me listen to the words of life !

Raptures deep-felt His doctrine did impart,
And thus He raised from earth the drooping heart.

‘ Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears ;
What further shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again,
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?
And the fair body its investing weed ?

‘ Behold ! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air :
To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song ;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when Spring renews the plain ;
To him they cry, in Winter’s pinching reign ;
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain ;
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

‘ Observe the rising lily’s snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race ;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they
glow !

What regal vestments can with them compare !
What king so shining ! or what queen so fair !
If ceaseless thus the fowls of Heaven he feeds,
If o’er the fields such lucid robes he spreads :
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say ?
Is he unwise ? or, are ye less than they ?

ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.

ETHERIAL race, inhabitants of air,
 Who hymn your God amid the secret grove ;
 Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
 And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
 With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart !
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
 Who died for love, those sweet complainings part.

But hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,
 On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;
 Or he, the sacred Bard¹, who sat alone
 In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
 When by Euphrates' stream they made their
 plaint ;

And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
 Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir, [raise ;
 Through Heaven's high dome their awful anthem
 Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
 To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
 Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the
 string,

Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
 For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

¹ Jeremiah.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly-pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good;
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herds of fools and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapp'd in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky ;
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face :
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hertford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the riddl'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;

But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain ;
Plain Innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head ;
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
About thee sports sweet Liberty ;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
And in thy deep recesses dwell ;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

TO SERAPHINA.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flattering unauspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays :
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,

Is like the sacred queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers bless'd,
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd ;
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence ;
Such as in visions angels shed
Around the heaven-illumined head.
To love thee, Seraphina, sure
Is to be tender, happy, pure ;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woo bright Virtue's fairest shape ;
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom join'd ;
And Heaven infused into the mind.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO AMANDA.

AH, urged too late ! from Beauty's bondage free,
Why did I trust my liberty with thee ?—
And thou, why didst thou, with inhuman art,
If not resolved to take, seduce my heart ?
Yes, yes, you said, for lovers' eyes speak true ;
You must have seen how fast my passion grew :
And, when your glances chanced on me to shine,
How my fond soul ecstatic sprung to thine !
But mark me, fair one—what I now declare
Thy deep attention claims and serious care :

It is no common passion fires my breast;
 I must be wretched, or I must be bless'd!
 My woes all other remedy deny;
 Or, pitying, give me hope, or bid me die!

TO THE SAME.

WITH A COPY OF THE 'SEASONS.'

ACCEPT, loved nymph, this tribute due
 To tender friendship, love, and you :
 But with it take what breathed the whole,
 O ! take to thine the poet's soul.
 If Fancy here her power displays,
 And if a heart exalts these lays—
 You fairest in that fancy shine,
 And all that heart is fondly thine.

SONG.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
 Ah ! tell me, whither art thou fled ;
 To what delightful world above,
 Appointed for the happy dead ?

 Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe ;
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
 Can now, alas ! no comfort know ?

 Oh ! if thou hoverest round my walk,
 While, under every well-known tree,
 I to thy fancied shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee ;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
 Beside some sympathetic stream,
 In slumber find a short relief,
 Oh, visit thou my soothing dream !

SONG.

Come, gentle god of soft desire,
 Come and possess my happy breast,
 Not fury-like in flames and fire,
 Or frantic Folly's wildness dress'd ;
 But come in Friendship's angel guise ;
 Yet dearer thou than Friendship art,
 More tender spirit in thy eyes,
 More sweet emotions at the heart.

O, come with goodness in thy train,
 With peace and pleasure void of storm,
 And wouldest thou me for ever gain,
 Put on Amanda's winning form.

SONG.

ONE day the god of fond desire,
 On mischief bent, to Damon said,
 ' Why not disclose your tender fire,
 Not own it to the lovely maid ?'

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
 And, softly sighing, thus replied :
 ' Tis true, you have subdued my heart,
 But shall not triumph o'er my pride.



‘ The slave, in private only bears
 Your bondage, who his love conceals ;
 But when his passion he declares,
 You drag him at your chariot-wheels.’

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
 But to the sympathetic groves,
 But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh ! when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh ! when her footsteps next are seen
 In flowery tracts along the mead,
 In fresher mazes o'er the green ;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lilies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh ! tell her what she cannot blame,
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind ;
 Oh tell her, that my virtuous flame
 Is, as her spotless soul, refined.

Not her own guardian-angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,
 Not purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
 Should start at Love's suspected name,
 With that of Friendship sooth her ear—
 True love and friendship are the same.

SONG.

UNLESS with my **Amanda** bless'd,
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower ;
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
 In vain I rear the breathing flower.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
 In vain the birds around me sing ;
 In vain the freshening fields appear :—
 Without my love there is no Spring.

SONG.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love,
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part ?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away ;
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the love of life is gone ?

But busy, busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude ¹.

¹ A MS. copy of this song, in Lord Buchan's collection, concluded thus :

For pomp, and noise, and senseless show,
 To make us Nature's joys forego,
 Beneath a gay dominion groan,
 And put the golden fetters on !

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
 And I absolve thy future care ;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

 SONG.

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the grove,
 That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
 Bless'd in the full possession of thy love :
 O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale, to me !

'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my wretched fate :
 I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
 Yet lose my days without this lovely mate ;
 Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds ! by Nature's simple laws
 Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by Nature's fare ;
 You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
 And love and song is all your pleasing care :

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
 Dare not be bless'd, lest envious tongues should
 blame :
 And hence, in vain, I languish for my bride !
 O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

SONG.

O THOU, whose tender serious eyes
 Expressive speak the mind I love ;
 The gentle azure of the skies,
 The pensive shadows of the grove ;

O mix their bounteous beams with mine,
 And let us interchange our hearts ;
 Let all their sweetness on me shine,
 Pour'd through my soul be all their darts.

Ah ! 'tis too much ! I cannot bear
 At once so soft, so keen a ray :
 In pity then, my lovely fair,
 O turn those killing eyes away !

But what avails it to conceal
 One charm, where nought but charms I see ?
 Their lustre then again reveal,
 And let me, Myra, die of thee !

TO THE

REV. MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL, IN SUFFOLK.

1738.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall :
 Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all ;
 No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife ;
 Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
 Then keep each passion down, however dear ;
 Trust me, the tender are the most severe.

39.

Q

Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace ;
That bids defiance to the storms of Fate :
High bliss is only for a higher state !

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WHILE secret-leaguing nations frown around,
Ready to pour the long-expected storm ;
While she, who wont the restless Gaul to bound,
Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form ;
While on our vitals selfish parties prey,
And deep corruption eats our soul away :

Yet in the goddess of the main appears
A gleam of joy, gay-flushing every grace,
As she the cordial voice of millions hears,
Rejoicing, zealous, o'er thy rising race :
Straight her rekindling eyes resume their fire,
The Virtues smile, the Muses tune the lyre.

But more enchanting than the Muse's song,
United Britons thy dear offspring hail :
The city triumphs through her glowing throng,
The shepherd tells his transport to the dale ;
The sons of roughest toil forget their pain,
And the glad sailor cheers the midnight main.

Can aught from fair Augusta's gentle blood,
And thine, thou friend of liberty ! be born ;
Can aught save what is lovely, generous, good ;
What will, at once, defend us, and adorn ?
From thence prophetic joy new Edwards eyes,
New Henrys, Annas, and Elizas rise.

May Fate my fond devoted days extend,
To sing the promised glories of thy reign !
What though, by years depress'd, my Muse might
bend ;
My heart will teach her still a nobler strain :
How, with recover'd Britain, will she soar,
When France insults, and Spain shall rob no more !

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE 's not the happy man, to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven ;
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes :
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
And all the various bounty of the year ; [Spring,
Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the
Whose curved mountains bleat, and forests sing ;
For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines ;
From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
A golden tide into his swelling stores :
Whose Winter laughs ; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails ;
When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves ;
While youth and health, and vigour string his nerves.
E'en not all these, in one rich lot combined,
Can make the happy man, without the mind ;
Where Judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of Reason with unerring gaze ;
Where Fancy lives, and to the brightning eyes,
His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise ;
Where social Love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand,

Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.

Nor canst thou, Doddington, this truth decline,
Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

ON THE

**REPORT OF A WOODEN BRIDGE,
TO BE BUILT AT WESTMINSTER.**

By Rufus' Hall, where Thames polluted flows,
Provoked, the Genius of the river rose,
And thus exclaim'd: 'Have I, ye British swains,
Have I for ages laved your fertile plains ?
Given herds, and flocks, and villages increase,
And fed a richer than a golden fleece ?
Have I, ye merchants with each swelling tide,
Pour'd Afric's treasure in, and India's pride ?
Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil ?
Made every climate your's, and every soil ?
Yet, pilfer'd from the poor, by gaming base,
Yet must a wooden bridge my waves disgrace ?
Tell not to foreign streams the shameful tale,
And be it publish'd in no Gallic vale.'
He said ; and plunging to his crystal dome,
White o'er his head the circling waters foam.

THE

INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFIC DOCTOR.

SWEET, sleeky Doctor ! dear pacific soul !
Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl !
Still let the' involving smoke around thee fly,
And broad-look'd dulness settle in thine eye.

Ah ! soft in down those dainty limbs repose,
 And in the very lap of slumber doze ;
 But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,
 Call forth the lambent glories of thy face ;
 If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail,
 And sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.
 To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,
 And lean on the lethargic book thy head.
 Those eyes wipe often with the hallow'd lawn,
 Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn.
 Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,
 Nor let thy thoughts be distanced by thy tongue ;
 If e'er the lingerers are within a call,
 Or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.
 Yet—only yet—the swimming head we bend ;
 But when, serene, the pulpit you ascend,
 Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,
 And round you the consenting audience sleeps.
 So when an ass with sluggish front appears,
 The horses start, and prick their quivering ears ;
 But soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,
 The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

PROLOGUE

TO MALLET'S MUSTAPHA.

SINCE Athens first began to draw mankind,
 To picture life, and show the' impassion'd mind ;
 The truly wise have ever deem'd the stage
 The moral school of each enlighten'd age.
 There, in full pomp, the tragic Muse appears,
 Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.

Faint is the lesson reason'd rules impart :
 She pours it strong, and instant through the heart.
 If virtue is the theme ; we sudden glow
 With generous flame : and, what we feel, we grow.
 If vice she paints ; indignant passions rise ;
 The villain sees himself with loathing eyes ;
 His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan,
 And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.

To night, our meaning scene attempts to show
 What fell events from dark suspicion flow ;
 Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,
 To the false herd of flattering slaves confined.
 The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state ;
 Een excellence but serves to feed its hate :
 To hate remorseless, cruelty succeeds,
 And every worth and every virtue bleeds.

Behold, our author at your bar appears,
 His modest hopes depress'd by conscious fears.
 Faults he has many—but to balance those,
 His verse with heart-felt love of virtue glows :
 All slighter errors let indulgence spare,
 And be his equal trial full and fair.
 For this best British privilege we call ;
 Then—as he merits, let him stand or fall.

ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain :
 ' Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves.'



The nations not so bless'd as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
' Rule,' &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
' Rule,' &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
' Rule,' &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine,
' Rule,' &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Bless'd isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
' Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.'

**DENNIS TO MR. THOMSON,
WHO HAD PROCURED HIM A BENEFIT-NIGHT.**

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find,
Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits the' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee ;
That hoary season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by Time's bleak storms I withering lay,
Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay !
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

EPITAPH ON MR. THOMSON.

OTHERS to marble may their glory owe,
And boast those honours Sculpture can bestow;
Short-lived renown ! that every moment must
Sink with its emblem, and consume to dust !
But Thomson needs no artist to engrave,
From dumb oblivion no device to save ;
Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask ;
Nature for him assumes herself the task ;
The Seasons are his monuments of fame,
With them to flourish, or from them it came.

THE
POEMS
OF
William Collins.

THE
LIFE OF WILLIAM COLLINS.
BY
DR. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester, on the twenty-fifth day of December, about 1720. His father was a hatter of good reputation. He was in 1733, as Dr. Warton has kindly informed me, admitted scholar of Winchester College, where he was educated by Dr. Burton. His English exercises were better than his Latin.

He first courted the notice of the public by some verses to a 'Lady weeping,' published in 'The Gentleman's Magazine.'

In 1740, he stood first on the list of the scholars to be received in succession at New College, but unhappily there was no vacancy. He became a Commoner of Queen's College, probably with a scanty maintenance; but was, in about half a year, elected a *Demy* of Magdalen College, where he continued till he had taken a Bachelor's degree, and then suddenly left the University; for what reason, I know not that he told.

He now (about 1744) came to London a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket. He designed many works;

but his great fault was irresolution; or the frequent calls of immediate necessity broke his scheme, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose. A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote inquiries. He published proposals for a 'History of the Revival of Learning'; and I have heard him speak with great kindness of Leo the Tenth, and with keen resentment of his tasteless successor. But probably not a page of his history was ever written. He planned several tragedies, but he only planned them. He wrote, now and then, odes and other poems; and did something, however little.

About this time I fell into his company. His appearance was decent and manly; his knowledge considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant, and his disposition cheerful. By degrees I gained his confidence; and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a bailiff, that was prowling in the street. On this occasion recourse was had to the booksellers, who, on the credit of a translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*; which he engaged to write with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. He showed me the guineas safe in his hand. Soon afterwards his uncle, Mr. Martin, a lieutenant-colonel, left him about two thousand pounds; a sum which Collins could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust. The guineas were then repaid, and the translation neglected.

But man is not born for happiness. Collins, who, while he *studied to live*, felt no evil but poverty, no sooner *lived to study*, than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity.

Having formerly written his character, while perhaps it was yet more distinctly impressed upon my memory, I shall insert it here.

" Mr. Collins was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction, and subjects of fancy; and, by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.

" This was however the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him, but not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced in happier moments sublimity and splendour. This idea which he had formed of excellence led him to oriental fictions and allegorical imagery, and perhaps, while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

" His morals were pure, and his opinions pious; in a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed; and long association with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through

the snares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm; but it may be said that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure, or casual temptation.

“ The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it. These clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to disperse by travel, and passed into France: but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister in Chichester, where death, in 1756, came to his relief.

“ After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself: but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school: when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, ‘ I have but one book,’ said Collins, ‘ but that is the best.’ ”

Such was the fate of Collins, with whom I once delighted to converse, and whom I yet remember with tenderness.

He was visited at Chichester, in his last illness, by his learned friends Dr. Warton and his brother; to whom he spoke with disapprobation of his Oriental

Eclogues, as not sufficiently expressive of Asiatic manners, and called them his Irish Eclogues. He shewed them, at the same time, an Ode inscribed to Mr. John Home, on the Superstitions of the Highlands; which they thought superior to his other works, but which no search has yet found¹.

His disorder was no alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness, a deficiency rather of his vital than his intellectual powers. What he spoke wanted neither judgment nor spirit; but a few minutes exhausted him, so that he was forced to rest upon the couch, till a short cessation restored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former vigour.

The approaches of this dreadful malady he began to feel soon after his uncle's death; and, with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and seduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burthensome to himself.

To what I have formerly said of his writings may be added, that his diction was often harsh, unskillfully laboured, and injudiciously selected. He affected the obsolete when it was not worthy of revival; and he puts his words out of the common order, seeming to think, with some later candidates for fame, that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure.

Mr. Collins's *first* production is added here from the 'Poetical Calendar.'

¹ It is now printed in this edition.

TO MISS AURELIA C——R,

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

CEASE, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn ;
Lament not Hannah's happy state ;
You may be happy in your turn,
And seize the treasure you regret.
With Love united Hymen stands,
And softly whispers to your charms,—
' Meet but your lover in my bands,
You'll find your sister in his arms.'

Encomiums on Collins.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN BY SCOTT, OF AMWELL, ON HIS RETURN FROM CHICHESTER, WHERE HE HAD IN VAIN ATTEMPTED TO FIND THE BURIAL-PLACE OF COLLINS.

To view the beauties of my native land,
O'er many a pleasing, distant scene, I rove;
Now climb the rock, or wander on the strand,
Or trace the rill, or penetrate the grove.
From Baia's hills, from Portsea's spreading wave,
To fair Cicestria's lonely walls I stray;
To her famed Poet's venerated grave
Anxious my tribute of respect to pay.
O'er the dim pavement of the solemn fane,
Midst the rude stones that crowd the adjoining
The sacred spot I seek; but seek in vain— [space,
In vain I ask—for none can point the place.
What boots the eye whose quick observant glance
Marks every nobler, every fairer form?
What, the skill'd ear that sound's sweet charms
entrance,
And the fond breast with generous passion warm?
What boots the power each image to portray,
The power with force each feeling to express?
How vain the hope that through life's little day,
The soul with thought of future fame can bless.
While Folly frequent boasts the insculptured tomb,
By Flattery's pen inscribed with purchased
praise;
While rustic Labour's undistinguish'd doom
Fond Friendship's hand records in humble
phrase;

Of Genius oft and Learning worse the lot,
 For them no care, to them no honour shown:
 Alive neglected, and when dead forgot,
 E'en **COLLINS** slumbers in a grave unknown.

EPITAPH,

BY HAYLEY AND SARGENT.

Ye, who the merits of the dead revere,
 Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
 Regard this tomb; where **COLLINS'** hapless name
 Solicits kindness with a double claim.
 Though Nature gave him, and though Science
 taught
 The fire of Fancy, and the reach of thought,
 Severely doom'd to penury's extreme,
 He pass'd in maddening pain, life's feverish dream;
 While rays of genius only served to show
 The thickening horror, and exalt his woe.
 Ye walls that echoed to his frantic moan!
 Guard the due records of this grateful stone.
 Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
 This fond memorial to his talents raise:
 For this, the ashes of a Bard require,
 Who touch'd the tenderest notes of Pity's lyre;
 Who join'd pure Faith to strong poetic powers,
 Who, in reviving Reason's lucid hours,
 Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
 And rightly deem'd the Book of God the best¹.

¹ The closing couplet of this epitaph alludes to a well-known anecdote related by Dr. Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE—A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

‘**Y**E Persian maids, attend your poet’s lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are bless’d whom Fortune’s hand sustains
With wealth in courts; nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
‘Tis virtue makes the bliss, where’er we dwell,’

‘Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspired:
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow’d, desired:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey’d
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a viruous mind!

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant Morn resumed her orient pride;

When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

‘ Ye Persian dames,’ he said, ‘ to you belong—
Well may they please—the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Graced with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes :
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow;
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in Beauty’s feeble ray
Boast but the worth Bassora’s pearls display :
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright;
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light :
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
That Love shall blind, when once he fires, the
swain ;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermine beautify the skin :
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care .
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
Each tender passion man delights to find ;
The loved perfections of a female mind !

‘ Bless’d were the days when Wisdom held her
reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;

With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth ! and daughters bless'd their love.
—O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues, come away !
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excel'd; or Araby, no more.

‘ Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are
clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear :
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen :
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all ;—a wise suspicious maid ;—
But man the most :—not more the mountain-doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew ;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known ;
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :
Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;
And Love the last : by these your hearts approve ;
These are the virtues that must lead to love.’

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay :
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along ;
The shepherds loved ; and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE—THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd :
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand,
The sultry Sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue ;
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd ; thrice struck his breast ; and thus
began :

‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !’

‘ Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find !
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage ?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

‘ Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share !

Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know
Which plains more bless'd, or verdant vales, be-
stow :

Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands, are found;
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Sehiraz' walls I bent my way!

‘ Cursed be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade !

The lily peace outshines the silver store;
And life is dearer than the golden ore :
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee ?

—Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made ?
Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?

Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song ?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold !

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

‘ O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet !—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
And, fearful ! oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,

By hunger roused, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train :
 Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
 Fills the wide yell, and leads them to their prey.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

‘ At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :
 Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;
 Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

‘ O hapless youth !—for she thy love hath won—
 The tender Zara will be most undone !
 Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
 When fast she drop'd her tears, as thus she said :
 “ Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain ;
 Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain !
 Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 Weak and unfelt, as these rejected sighs !
 Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see ;
 No griefs endure ; nor weep, false youth, like me.”
 —O let me safely to the fair return ;
 Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn ;
 O ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.’

He said ; and call'd on Heaven to bless the day
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE—A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
 In distant view, along the level green,
 While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain :
 At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
 Where lilies rear them in the watery mead ;
 From early dawn the livelong hours she told,
 Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold ;
 Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of odorous flowers she made :
 Gay-motley'd pinks¹ and sweet jonquils she chose ;
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows ;
 All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there ;
 The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

¹ These flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia.

Great Abbas chanced that fated morn to stray,
By Love conducted from the chase away ;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song ;
And sought, the vales and echoing groves among ;
At length he found, and woo'd, the rural maid ;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas moved ;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved ! ’

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :
Oft, as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove ;
To richer scenes of golden power and love ;
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain ;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign !

‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas moved ;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved ! ’

Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove ;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclined ;
And, oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breathed his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the silvan scene, .
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her moved, a duteous band !
Each bore a crook, all-rural, in her hand :
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds, they sung ;
With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.

‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas moved ;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved ! ’

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair ;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retired ;
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fired ;
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore ;
And thought of crowns, and busy courts, no more,
‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas moved ;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved !’

Bless'd was the life that royal Abbas led ;
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel ?
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
Let those who rule in Persia's jewel'd throne
Be famed for love, and gentlest love alone ;
Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown,
Oh happy days ! the maids around her say ;
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !
‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas moved ;
And every Georgian maid like Abra loved !’

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER;

OR,

The Fugitives.

SCENE—A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclined,
Each swain was bless'd, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the Moon had hung her lamp on high,
And pass'd in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Sad, o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravaged plains; and valleys stole away:
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER,

‘ O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey !
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried!
And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side !’

AGIB.

‘ Weak as thou art, yet hapless, must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe !
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind ;
 And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind :
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame :
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.’

SECÄNDER.

‘ Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
 In vain, unheard, thou call’st thy Persian lord !
 In vain thou court’st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid !
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign’d,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind :
 Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.’

AGIB.

‘ Yet these green hills, in summer’s sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran’s flowery plain :
 And once by maids and shepherds loved in vain !
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis’ banks, or Irwan’s shady grove ;
 On Tarkie’s mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly’s flowery vale :
 Fair scenes ! but, ah ! no more with peace possess’d,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty bless’d !

No more the shepherds' whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.'

SECANDER.

' In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever famed, for pure and happy loves:
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair:
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.'

AGIB.

' Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
 To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way:
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inured, and nursed in scenes of woe.'

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek ; and nearer fires appear'd:
 The affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moonlight hills renew'd their flight.

O D E S.

TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man, assign'd
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe ;
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destined scene,
His wild unsated foe !

By Pella's¹ bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite :
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light !

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute ?
Wild Arun² too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, midst my native plains,
Been soothed by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shown ;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes, unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

¹ Euripides.

² The river Arun runs by the village in Sussex, where Otway had his birth.

Come, Pity, come; by Fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,

Thy temple's pride design:

Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat

In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How Chance, or hard-involving Fate,

O'er mortal bliss prevail:

The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,

With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retired by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,

Allow'd with thee to dwell:

There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight

To hear a British shell!

TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shown
Who seest, appall'd, the' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between;

Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!

I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step; thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start: like thee disorder'd fly.
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold!

Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
 Howling amidst the midnight storm ;
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :
 And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
 Who prompt to deeds accursed the mind :
 And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
 O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside ;
 Whilst Vengeance, in the lurid air,
 Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare :
 On whom that ravening¹ brood of Fate,
 Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait :
 Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
 And look not madly wild, like thee !

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
 The grief-full Muse addressed her infant tongue ;
 The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
 Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard² who first invoked thy name,
 Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel ;
 For not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
 But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
 Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
 Where thou and furies shared the baleful grove ?

¹ Alluding to the *Kυνας αφυκτος* of Sophocles. See the Electra.

² Æschylus.

Wrapp'd in thy cloudy veil, the' incestuous queen³
 Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart:
 Thy withering power inspired each mournfull line:
 Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine !

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast pass'd,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last ?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell ?
 Or in some hollow'd seat
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests brought ?
 Dark power ! with shuddering meek submitted
 Be mine, to read the visions old [thought,
 Which thy awakening bards have told :
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true.
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'erawed,
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve, abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave :
 And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !
 O thou whose spirit most possess'd
 The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast !
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke ;

³ Jocasta.

Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel :
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee !

TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught
 To breathe her genuine thought,
 In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
 Who first, on mountains wild,
 In Fancy, loveliest child,
 Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song !

Thou, who, with hermit heart,
 Disdain'st the wealth of art,
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall ;
 But comest a decent maid,
 In attic robe array'd,
 O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call !

By all the honied store
 On Hybla's thymy shore ;
 By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear ;
 By her¹ whose love-lorn woe,
 In evening musings slow,
 Soothed, sweetly sad, Electra's poet's ear :

By old Cephisus deep,
 Who spread his wavy sweep
 In warbled wanderings, round thy green retreat :
 On whose enamel'd side
 When holy Freedom died,
 No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

¹ The *andren*, or nightingale, for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness.

O sister meek of Truth
 To my admiring youth
 Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !
 The flowers that sweetest breathe,
 Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
 Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem
 But virtue's patriot theme,
 You loved her hills, and led her laureat band :
 But staid to sing alone
 To one distinguish'd throne ;
 And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more in hall or bower,
 The Passions own thy power !
 Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean :
 For thou hast left her shrine ;
 Nor olive more, nor vine,
 Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
 To some divine excess,
 Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole ;
 What each, what all supply,
 May court, may charm, our eye ;
 Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul !

Of these let others ask,
 To aid some mighty task,
 I only seek to find thy temperate vale ;
 Where oft my reed might sound
 To maids and shepherds round,
 And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once,—if, not with light regard,
 I read aright that gifted bard,
 —Him whose school above the rest
 His loveliest Elfin Queen has bless'd;—
 One, only one, unrival'd¹ fair,
 Might hope the magic girdle wear,
 At solemn tourney hung on high,
 The wish of each love-darting eye;

—Lo! to each other nymph, in turn, applied,
 As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
 Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
 With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
 It left unbless'd her loathed dishonour'd side;
 Happier, hopeless fair, if never
 Her baffled hand, with vain endeavour,
 Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!

Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name!
 To whom, prepared and bathed in Heaven,
 The cest of amplest power is given;
 To few the godlike gift assigns,
 To gird their bless'd prophetic loins, [flame!
 And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her

The band, as fairy legends say,
 Was wove on that creating day
 When He, who call'd with thought to birth
 Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
 And dress'd with springs and forests tall,
 And pour'd the main engirting all,

¹ Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4th.

Long by the loved enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sat with her alone,
And placed her on his sapphire throne ;
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling :
And she, from out the veiling cloud,
Breathed her magic notes aloud :
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born !
The dangerous Passions kept aloof,
Far from the sainted growing woof :
But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep applauding thunder ;
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the tarsel's eyes were made ;
All the shadowy tribes of Mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers
Who feed on Heaven's ambrosial flowers.
—Where is the bard whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow ?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd ?
High on some cliff, to Heaven up-piled,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies spread,

I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh sphered in Heaven, its native strains could
hear ;
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung ;
Thither oft, his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue ;
In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul, was known ;
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd the inspiring bowers !
Or curtain'd close such scenes from every future
view.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746¹.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

¹ This, and the succeeding ode, seem to have been written on the same occasion, viz. the rebellion in Scotland : the former, in memory of those heroes who fell in defence of their country ; the latter, to excite sentiments of compassion in favour of those who became a sacrifice to public justice.

TO MERCY.

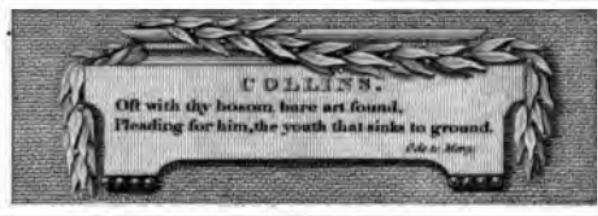
STROPHE.

O THOU, who sitt'st a smiling bride
 By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
 Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best adored ;
 Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
 Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear, [sword !
 And hidest in wreaths of flowers his bloodless
 midst the deathful field,
 chiefs alone beheld,
 som bare art found,
 in the youth who sinks to ground ;
 see, with pure and loaded hands,
 nine my country's genius stands,
 y altar still, though pierced with
 wound !

ANTISTROPHE.

om e'en our joys provoke,
 Nature join'd his yoke,
 wrath to make our isle his prey ;
 un out thy sweet abode,
 on his blasted road,
 wheels, and look'd his rage away.

is sable steeds,
 o swift to savage deeds,
 ing eyes they own :
 thy love to Britain shown,
 e bars her iron tower,
 oild a roseate bower,
 It rule our queen, and share our
 's throne !





TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

WHO shall awake the Spartan fife,
 And call in solemn sounds to life
 The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
 Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
 At once the breath of Fear and Virtue shedding,
 Applauding Freedom loved of old to view ?
 What new Alcæus¹, fancy-bless'd,
 Shall sing the sword, in myrtles dress'd,
 At Wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,
 (What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
 Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
 It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted
 O goddess, in that feeling hour, [wound !
 When most its sounds would court thy ears,
 Let not my shell's misguided power
 E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
 No, Freedom, no ; I will not tell
 How Rome, before thy weeping face,
 With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
 Push'd by a wild and artless race
 From off its wide ambitious base,
 When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
 And all the blended work of strength and grace,
 With many a rude repeated stroke, [broke.
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments

EPODE.

Yet, e'en where'er the least appear'd,
 The admiring world thy hand revered ;

¹ Alluding to a beautiful fragment of Alcæus.

Still midst the scatter'd states around,
 Some remnants of her strength were found;
 They saw, by what escaped the storm,
 How wondrous rose her perfect form;
 How in the great, the labour'd whole,
 Each mighty master pour'd his soul!
 For sunny Florence, seat of art,
 Beneath her vines preserved a part,
 Till they², whom Science loved to name,
 (O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
 And lo, an humbler relic laid
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
 See small Marino³ joins the theme,
 Though least, not last in thy esteem:
 Strike, louder strike the' ennobling strings
 To those⁴, whose merchant sons were kings;
 To him⁵, who deck'd with pearly pride,
 In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride;
 Hail! port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure;
 Nor e'er her former pride relate,
 To sad Liguria's⁶ bleeding state.

Ah, no! more pleased thy haunts I seek,
 On wild Helvetia's⁷ mountains bleak:
 (Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
 The daring archer heard thy voice;
 Forth from his eyry roused in dread,
 The ravening eagle northward fled.)
 Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,

² The family of the Medici.

³ The little republic of San Marino. ⁴ The Venetians.

⁵ The Doge of Venice.

⁶ Genoa.

⁷ Switzerland.

With those⁸ to whom thy stork is dear:
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,
 Whose crown a British queen⁹ refused?
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
 One holier name alone remains ;
 The perfect spell shall then avail,
 Hail nymph, adored by Britain, hail !

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
 The works, the wizard Time has wrought !
 The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
 Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand¹⁰,
 No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
 He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.
 To the blown Baltic then, they say,
 The wild waves found another way, [ing :
 Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains round-
 Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
 A wide wild storm e'en Nature's self confounding,
 Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth
 This pillar'd earth so firm and wide, [surprise.
 By winds and inward labours torn,
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,
 And down the shouldering billows borne.

⁸ The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

⁹ Queen Elizabeth.

¹⁰ This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the opposite coasts.

And see, like gems, her laughing train,
 The little isles on ev'ry side,
 Mona ¹¹, once hid from those who search the main,
 Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
 And Wight who checks the westering tide,
 For thee consenting Heaven has each bestow'd,
 A fair attendant on her sovereign pride :
 To thee this bless'd divorce she owed,
 For thou hast made her vales thy loved, thy last
 abode !

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said an hoary pile,
 Midst the green navel of our isle,
 Thy shrine in some religious wood,
 O soul-enforcing goddess, stood !
 There oft the painted native's feet
 Were wont thy form celestial meet :
 Though now with hopeless toil we trace
 Time's backward rolls, to find its place ;
 Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
 Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
 Or in what Heaven-left age it fell,
 'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
 Yet still, if Truth those beams infuse
 Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,

¹¹ There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist ; so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light-embroider'd sky,
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
There, happier than in islands bless'd,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe dress'd,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retired in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to the' immortal string.

How may the Poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told ?
How learn delighted, and amazed,
What hands unknown that fabric raised ?
E'en now before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride, it seems to rise !
Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,
Majestic through the mix'd design ;
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues :
Whate'er Heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins ;
There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, graved with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
That near her inmost altar stand !
Now sooth her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain :
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
E'en Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep :
Before whose breathing bosom's balm
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm ;

Her let our sires and matrons hoar
 Welcome to Britain's ravaged shore ;
 Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
 Play with the tangles of her hair,
 Till, in one loud applauding sound,
 The nations shout to her around,
 ' O how supremely art thou bless'd,
 Thou, lady—thou shalt rule the west !'

TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL ROSS, IN THE ACTION AT
 FONTENOY.

WRITTEN IN MAY, 1745.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
 Britannia's genius bends to earth,
 And mourns the fatal day ;
 While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
 Unseemly from his sea-green hair
 The wreaths of cheerful May :

The thoughts which musing Pity pays,
 And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
 Your faithful hours attend :
 Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
 Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
 And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
 His country's vows shall bless the grave,
 Where'er the youth is laid :
 That sacred spot the village hind
 With every sweetest turf shall bind,
 And Peace protect the shade.



Bless'd youth, regardful of thy doom,
Aërial hands shall build thy tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd :
Whilst Honour bathed in tears shall rove
To sigh thy name through every grove,
And call his heroes round¹.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest ;
And, half reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight ;
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the' avenging fight.

But lo, where sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies !
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

¹ In Langhorne's edition of Collins, this stanza was thus given :

O'er him whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head ;
And, fall'n to save his injured land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed !

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground
 Till notes of triumph bursting round
 Proclaim her reign restored :
 Till William seek the sad retreat,
 And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
 Present the sated sword.

If, weak to sooth so soft an heart,
 These pictured glories nought impart,
 To dry thy constant tear ;
 If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
 Exposed and pale thou seest him lie,
 Wild War insulting near ;

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
 The Muse shall still with social grief,
 Her gentlest promise keep :
 E'en humble Harting's cottaged vale
 Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
 And bid her shepherds weep.

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, O pensive Eve, to sooth thine ear¹,
 Like thy own brawling springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede etherial wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed ;—

¹ May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs, &c. *Langhorne's edit.*

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;

Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :

Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ; [vale,

As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin, midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;
 And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light ;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves :
 Or Winter, yelling through the troubrous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name !

TO PEACE.

O THOU, who badest thy turtles bear
 Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
 And sought'st thy native skies ;
 When War, by vultures drawn from far,
 To Britain bent his iron car,
 And bade his storms arise !

Tired of his rude tyrannic sway,
 Our youth shall fix some festive day,
 His sullen shrines to burn :
 But thou who hear'st the turning spheres,
 What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
 And gain thy bless'd return !

O Peace, thy injured robes up-bind !
O rise ! and leave not one behind
 Of all thy beamy train !
The British Lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth, to kiss thy feet,
 And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
 By warlike Honour led ;
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
 With him for ever wed !

THE MANNERS.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken design'd,
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind ;
Truths which, from action's paths retired,
My silent search in vain required !
No more my sail that deep explores ;
No more I search those magic shores ;
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll :
If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some power impart the spear and shield
At which the wizard Passions fly ;
By which the giant Follies die !

Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen
Arch'd with the enlivening olive's green :
Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy, dress'd,
Comes, like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade.

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite !
O thou who lov'st that ampler range,
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And, with her mingled sons allied,
Throw'st the Prattling page aside,
To me, in converse sweet, impart
To read in man the native heart ;
To learn, where Science sure is found,
From Nature as she lives around ;
And, gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view !
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before ;
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school :
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Hast bless'd this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charmful task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask ;
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless Manners round her rise :
While, ever varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass ;
With these the white-robed maids combine !
And those the laughing Satyrs join !
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues ?
Thou by the Passions nursed ; I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet !
O Humour, thou whose name is known

To Britain's favour'd isle alone :
 Me too amidst thy band admit ;
 There where the young-eyed healthful Wit,
 (Whose jewels in his crised hair
 Are placed each other's beams to share);
 Whom no delights from thee divide,
 In laughter loosed, attends thy side !

By old Miletus¹, who so long
 Has ceased his love-inwoven song ;
 By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
 In changed Italia's modern shades ;
 By him², whose knight's distinguish'd name
 Refined a nation's lust of fame ;
 Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,
 Castalia's Moorish hills repeat ;
 Or him³, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
 In wachet weeds on Gallia's shore ;
 Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
 By virtues in her sire betray'd.

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
 Each forceful thought, each prompted deed ;
 If but from thee I hope to feel,
 On all my heart imprint thy seal !
 Let some retreating Cynic find
 Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind ;
 The Sports and I this hour agree,
 To rove thy scene-full world with thee.

¹ Alluding to the Milesian tales, some of the earliest romances.

² Cervantes.

³ Le Sage, who died at Paris in the year 1745.

THE PASSIONS.

For Music.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined ;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd ; his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings :
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song ;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her
golden hair.

And longer had she sung :—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat :
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause be-
Dejected Pity, at his side, [tween,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd :
Sad proof of thy distressful state !
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
Hate.
With eyes upraised, as one inspirèd,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;

And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ; [stole,
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier toun
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed
 Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen [Queen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ; [spear.
 And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd :
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :
 They would have thought who heard the strain
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unweared minstrel dancing ;
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age ;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease ;
Revive the just designs of Greece :
Return in all thy simple state !
Confirm the tales her sons relate !

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STANZAS IS SUPPOSED TO
LIE ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its Poet's silvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp¹ shall now be laid ;
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here ;
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is dress'd ;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And, oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening² spire,
And mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah ! what will every dirge avail !
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

¹ The harp of *Æolus*, of which see a description in the *Castle of Indolence*.

² Richmond Church, in which Thomson was buried.

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near ?
With him, sweet bard ! may Fancy die ;
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see, the fairy valleys fade ;
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads³, assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;
There hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay⁴
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :
' O ! vales, and wild woods, (shall he say)
In yonder grave your Druid lies !'

³ Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death, at a villa in Kew-lane.

⁴ This can only be regarded as a poetical presage ; for the 'poet's silvan grave,' was undistinguished by any exterior token till the year 1791, when a brass tablet was erected near the remains of the bard, to denote the place of his interment.

SONG.

THE SENTIMENTS BORROWED FROM SHAKSPEARE.

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowly hamlets, moan :
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a stone.

His shroud, which Death's cold damps destroy,
Of snow-white threads was made :
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
In earth for ever laid.

Pale pansies o'er his corpse were placed,
Which, pluck'd before their time,
Bestrew'd the boy, like him to waste,
And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
Could tune the rural lay ?
Ah, no ! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who loved so well :
Ah me ! how many a true-love shower
Of kind remembrance fell.

Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried,
Within his grave she dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her loved-one died.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,
SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring,
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove :
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen ;
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the silvan cell ;
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell :

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PAPER WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF
BRIDE-CAKE.

YE curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake;

With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,

Nor dare a theft, for love and pity's sake !

This precious relic, form'd by magic power,

Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,

Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,

The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,

Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art ;

Tears, sighs, and wishes of the' enamour'd breast,

And pains that please, are mix'd in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,

From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's isle ;

And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,

The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,

Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth ;

Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,

And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God ! hath sworn, while these remain,

With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,

And cheerful Hope, so oft invoked in vain,

With fairy songs shall sooth his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to Friendship's gentle side,

And fond of soul, thou hopest an equal grace,

If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,

O, much entreated, leave this fatal place !

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive day,
 Consents at length to bring me short delight,
 Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
 And grief with raven note usurp the night.

TO MISS AURELIA C—R¹,

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

CEASE, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn ;
 Lament not Hannah's happy state :
 You may be happy in your turn,
 And seize the treasure you regret.

With love united Hymen stands,
 And softly whispers to your charms—
 ' Meet but your lover in my bands,
 You'll find your sister in his arms.'

AN EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION
 OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS².

WHILE, born to bring the Muse's happier days,
 A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays,
 While nursed by you she sees her myrtles bloom,
 Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb;

¹ These verses were printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1739, and afterwards in Woty's Poetical Calendar ; and are considered by Dr. Johnson as Collins's earliest attempt to court the notice of the public.

² This poem was written by the author at the university, about the time when Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakspeare was printed at Oxford, in 1744.—*Langhorne*.

Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
 What secret transports in her bosom swell ;
 With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
 And blushing hides her wreath at Shakspeare's
 name.

Hard was the lot those injured strains endured,
 Unown'd by Science, and by years obscured :
 Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
 A fix'd despair in every tuneful breast.
 Not with more grief the' afflicted swains appear,
 When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
 When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade,
 Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves :
 Toil builds on toil ; and age on age improves :
 The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
 And graced with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
 Preserved through time the speaking scenes impart
 Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortured heart :
 Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's³ reign ;
 A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
 With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow ;
 Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome removed, with wit secure to please,
 The comic Sisters kept their native ease :
 With jealous fear, declining Greece beheld
 Her own Menander's art almost excell'd ;
 But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
 Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain :
 Illyssus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil, [soil.
 Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew the' unfriendly

As Arts expired, resistless Dulness rose ; [foes.
 Goths, priests, or Vandals—all were Learning's

³ The *Œdipus* of Sophocles.

Till Julius⁴ first recall'd each exiled maid;
 And Cosmo own'd them in the' Etrurian shade:
 Then deeply skill'd in Love's engaging theme,
 The soft Provençal pass'd to Arno's stream:
 With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung;
 Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
 The gay description could not fail to move;
 For, led by Nature, all are friends to love.

But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed
 The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
 The beauteous union must appear at length,
 Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength:
 One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
 And e'en a Shakspeare to her fame be born!

Yet ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
 In vain our Britain hoped an equal day!
 No second growth the western isle could bear,
 At once exhausted with too rich a year.
 Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
 Nature in him was almost lost in art.
 Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
 The next in order, as the next in name:
 With pleased attention, midst his scenes we find
 Each glowing thought that warms the female mind;
 Each melting sigh, and every tender tear;
 The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
 His⁵ every strain the Smiles and Graces own;
 But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone:
 Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
 The' unrival'd picture of his early hand.

⁴ Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

⁵ Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

With⁶ gradual steps and slow, exacter France
 Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance :
 By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
 Correctly bold, and just in all she drew :
 Till late Corneille, with Lucan's⁷ spirit fired,
 Breathed the free strain, as Rome and he inspired :
 And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
 The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
 And wreaths less artful crown our Poet's head.
 Yet he alone to every scene could give
 The historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
 Waked at his call I view, with glad surprise,
 Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
 There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms ;
 And laurel'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
 Here gentle Edward claims a pitying sigh,
 Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die !
 Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
 No beam of comfort to the guilty king : [bleed,
 The time⁸ shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall
 In life's last hours, with horror of the deed ;
 When dreary visions shall at last present
 Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent :

⁶ About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

⁷ The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

⁸ Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
 Intactum Pallanta, &c. Virg.

Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear :
 Blunt the weak sword, and break the' oppressive
 spear !

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find
 Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
 Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
 With humbler Nature, in the rural grove ;
 Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
 And twilight fairies tread the circled green :
 Dress'd by her hand, the woods and valleys smile ;
 And Spring diffusive decks the' enchanted isle.

O ! more than all in powerful genius bless'd,
 Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !
 Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
 Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal !
 There every thought the Poet's warmth may raise ;
 There native music dwells in all thy lays.
 O might some verse with happiest skill persuade
 Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid ! [page !
 What wondrous draughts might rise from every
 What other Raphaels charm a distant age !

Methinks e'en now I view some free design
 Where breathing Nature lives in every line :
 Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
 Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
 And see where Anthony⁹, in tears approved,
 Guards the pale relics of the chief he loved :
 O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
 Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend !
 Still as they press, he calls on all around,
 Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

⁹ See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

But who¹⁰ is he, whose brows exalted bear
 A wrath impatient and a fiercer air ?
 Awake to all that injured worth can feel,
 On his own Rome he turns the' avenging steel;
 Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall
 (So Heaven ordains it) on the destined wall.
 See the fond mother, midst the plaintive train,
 Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain !
 Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
 The son's affection in the Roman's pride:
 O'er all the man conflicting passions rise ;
 Rage grasps the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic, as thy Bard inspires,
 The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires;
 Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring ;
 Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string :
 Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,
 (For poets ever were a careless kind)
 By thee disposed, no farther toil demand,
 But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, the' harmonious whole
 unknown,
 E'en Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
 Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
 By winds and waters cast on every shore:
 When, raised by Fate, some former Hanmer join'd
 Each beauteous image of the boundless mind ;
 And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
 A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

ODE

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND:

CONSIDERED AS THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

Inscribed to Mr. John Home.

HOME ! thou return'st from Thames, whose naiads
 Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay, [long
 Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future
 Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song. [day,
 Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth¹

Whom, long endear'd, thou leavest by Lavant's
 Together let us wish him lasting truth, [side;
 And joy untainted, with his destined bride.

Go ! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
 My short-lived bliss, forget my social name ;
 But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,
 I met thy friendship with an equal flame !

Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
 Shall prompt the Poet, and his song demand :
 To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail ;
 Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
 And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There, must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill ;
 'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet ;
 Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
 Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
 There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store,
 To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots ;
 By night they sip it round the cottage door,
 While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.

¹ A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
 How, wing'd with Fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
 When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
 Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
 Such airy beings awe the' untutor'd swain :
 Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts
 neglect ;
 Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain ;
 These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
 That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
 And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding
 strain.

E'en yet preserved, how often may'st thou hear,
 Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
 Taught by the father, to his listening son,
 Strangelays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's
 At every pause, before thy mind possess'd, [ear.
 Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
 With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
 Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd :
 Whether thou bidd'st the well-taught hind repeat
 The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain
 brave,
 When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
 And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented
 grave !
 Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel ²,
 Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms ;
 When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
 The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny
 swarms, [arms.
 And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's

² A summer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm season, when the pasture is fine.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
 In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
 Lodged in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,
 Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells :
 How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
 With their own visions oft astonish'd droop,
 When, o'er the watery strath, or quaggy moss,
 They see the gliding ghosts' unbodied troop :
 Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
 Their destined glance some fated youth descry,
 Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
 And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
 For them the viewless forms of air obey ;
 Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair :
 They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
 And artless, oft like moody madness, stare
 To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

To monarchs dear³, some hundred miles astray,
 Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow !

³ The fifth stanza, and the half of the sixth, in Dr. Carlyle's copy, printed in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, being deficient, were supplied by Mr. Mackenzie ; whose lines are here annexed, for the purpose of comparison, and to do justice to the elegant author of *The Man of Feeling* :

' Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep,
 They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,
 Where in the west, the brooding tempests lie ;
 And hear the first, faint, rustling pennons sweep :
 Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
 The broad, unbroken billows heave and swell,
 In horrid musings wrapt, they sit to mark
 The labouring moon ; or list the nightly yell

The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
 When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!
 As Boreas threw his young Aurora⁴ forth,
 In the first year of the first George's reign,
 And battles raged in welkin of the North,
 They mourn'd in air, fell, fell rebellion slain!
 And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
 Saw, at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!
 They raved! divining, through their second sight⁵,
 Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were
 drown'd!

Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
 The seer's entranced eye can well survey,
 Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,
 And points the wretched bark its destined prey.
 Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,
 O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waste,
 Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing
 The falling breeze within its reach hath placed—
 The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling haste.

Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,
 Silent he broods o'er quicksand, bog, or fen,
 Far from the sheltering roof and haunts of men,
 When witched darkness shuts the eye of day,
 And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the night;
 Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,
 With treacherous gleam he lures the fated wight,
 And leads him floundering on and quite astray.'

⁴ By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at least, it is most highly probable, from this peculiar circumstance, that no ancient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.

⁵ Second sight is the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders.

Illustrious William⁶ ! Britain's guardian name !

One William saved us from a tyrant's stroke :
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame, [broke,
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke !

These, too, thou'l sing ! for well thy magic Muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar ;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more !
Ah, homely swains ! your homeward steps ne'er
lose :

Let not dank Will⁷ mislead you to the heath ;
Dancing in murky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake :
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer the' excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light :
For watchful, lurking, mid the' unrustling reed,
At those murk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch
surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unbless'd, indeed !
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then !
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed !

⁶ The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

⁷ A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lantern, &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.

On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,

But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return !

Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill, that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.

Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source !

What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs ?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breath-
less corse !

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way :
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at the unclosing gate,
Ah, ne'er shall he return ! Alone, if night
Her travel'd limbs in broken slumbers steep !
With drooping willows dress'd, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep :
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
And with his blue swoln face before her stand,
And shivering cold, these piteous accents speak :
‘ Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before ;
Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
Drown'd by the Kelpie's⁴ wrath, nor e'er shall
aid thee more !’

⁴ The water fiend.

Unbounded is thy range ; with varied skill [spring
 Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which
 From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
 Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
 To that hoar pile ⁹ which still its ruins shows :
 In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
 Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
 And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd
 ground !

Or thither ¹⁰, where beneath the showery west,
 The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid :
 Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
 No slaves revere them, and no wars invade :
 Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
 In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
 And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.

But, oh ! o'er all, forget not Kilda's race, [tides,
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting
 Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
 Go ! just, as they, their blameless manners trace !
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
 And all their prospect but the wintry main.
 With sparing temperance, at the needful time,
 They drain the scented spring : or, hunger-press'd,

⁹ One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies ; where, it is reported, that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

¹⁰ Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

Along the' Atlantic rock, undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's¹¹ nest.

Thus, bless'd in primal innocence they live,
Sufficed, and happy with that frugal fare

Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give :
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare ;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there !

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes en-
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possess'd ; [gage
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd, in elder time, the' historic page.

There, Shakspeare's self, with every garland
crown'd,

Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour ; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors dress'd the magic scene.

From them he sung, when mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast !

The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.

Proceed ! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce ;

Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse ;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to Nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
The' heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art ;

¹¹ An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd !

When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheaved the vanish'd sword !

How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung !

Prevailing poet ! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung ;

Hence, at each sound, imagination glows !
Hence at each picture, vivid life starts here !

Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows !
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
And fills the' impassion'd heart, and wins the' har-
monious ear !

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail ;
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,

Are by smooth Annan ¹² fill'd, or pastoral Tay ¹²,
Or Don's ¹² romantic springs, at distance hail !

The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens ¹³, o'erhung with spreading
broom ;

Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led :

Or, o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom !
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,

Where Jonson ¹⁴ satin Drummond's classic shade ;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,

And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's
laid !

¹² Three rivers in Scotland.

¹³ Valleys.

¹⁴ Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scottish poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh. See an account of a conversation which passed between them, in Drummond's Works, 1711.

Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains¹⁵, at-
tend!—

Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I love your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my
absent friend¹⁶!

¹⁵ Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh University, which is in the county of Lothian.

¹⁶ The following *supplemental stanzas* to the foregoing *Ode*, will be found to commemorate some striking Scottish superstitions omitted by *Collins*. They are the production of *William Erskine*, Esq. Advocate, and form a Continuation of the Address, by *Collins*, to the Author of *Douglas*, exhorting him to celebrate the traditions of Scotland. They originally appeared in the Edinburgh Magazine for April, 1788.

' Thy Muse may tell, how, when at evening's close,
To meet her love beneath the twilight shade,
O'er many a broom-clad brae and heathy glade,
In merry mood the village maiden goes ;
There, on a streamlet's margin as she lies,
Chanting some carol till her swain appears,
With visage, deadly pale, in pensive guise,
Beneath a wither'd fir his form he rears*!
Shrieking and sad, she bends her eirie flight,
When, mid dire heaths, where flits the taper blue,
The whilst the moon sheds dim a sickly light,
The airy funeral meets her blasted view !
When, trembling, weak, she gains her cottage low,
Where magpies scatter notes of presage wide,
Some one shall tell, while tears in torrents flow,
That, just when twilight dimm'd the green hill's side,
Far in his lonely sheil her hapless shepherd died.

' Let these sad strains to lighter sounds give place !
Bid thy brisk viol warble measures gay !
For see ! recall'd by thy resistless lay,
Once more the Brownie shows his honest face.

* The wraith, or spectral appearance of a person shortly to die, is a firm article in the creed of Scottish superstition.

Hail, from thy wanderings long, my much-loved sprite!
 Thou friend, thou lover of the lowly, hail!
 Tell, in what realm thou sport'st thy merry night,
 Trail'st the long mop, or whirl'st the mimic flail.
 Where dost thou deck the much-disorder'd hall,
 While the tired damsels in Elysium sleeps,
 With early voice to drowsy workman call,
 Or lull the dame while mirth his vigils keeps?
 'Twas thus in Caledonia's domes, 'tis said,
 Thou ply'dst the kindly task in years of yore:
 At last in luckless hour, some erring maid
 Spread in thy nightly cell of viands store:
 Ne'er was thy form beheld among their mountains more*.

' Then wake (for well thou canst) that wondrous lay,
 How, while around the thoughtless matrons sleep,
 Soft o'er the floor the treacherous fairies creep,
 And bear the smiling infant far away :

* 'The *Brownie* formed a class of beings, distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves. He was meagre, shaggy, and wild in his appearance. Thus, Cleland, in his satire against the Highlanders, compares them to

' Faunes, or *brownies*, if ye will,
 Or satyres come from Atlas hill.'

' In the day-time, he lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which he delighted to haunt; and, in the night sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service he had devoted himself. But, although, like Milton's lubber fiend, he loves to stretch himself by the fire, he does not drudge from the hope of recompense. On the contrary, so delicate is his attachment, that the offer of reward, but particularly of food, infallibly occasions his disappearance for ever.

' When the menials in a Scottish family protracted their vigils around the kitchen fire, Brownie, weary of being excluded from the midnight hearth, sometimes appeared at the door, seemed to watch their departure, and thus admonished them—' Gang a' to your beds, sirs, and dinna put out the wee *grieshoch* (embers).'

It seems no improbable conjecture, that the *Brownie* is a legitimate descendant of the *Lar Familiaris* of the ancients.

' —how the drudging goblin sweat,
 To earn the cream-bowl, duly set!
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail had thrash'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend;
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Barks at the fire, his airy strength;
 And, crop-full, out of door he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.' *L'Allegro.*

How starts the nurse, when, for her lovely child,
 She sees at dawn a gaping idiot stare !
 O snatch the innocent from demons wild,
 And save the parents fond from fell despair !
 In a deep cave the trusty menials wait,
 When from their hilly dens, at midnight's hour,
 Forth rush the airy elves in mimic state,
 And o'er the moonlight heath with swiftness sever ;
 In glittering arms the little horsemen shine ;
 Last, on a milk-white steed with targe of gold,
 A fay of might appears, whose arms entwine
 The lost, lamented child ; the shepherds bold *
 The unconscious infant tear from his unhallow'd hold !

* For an account of the Fairy superstition, see the Introduction to the 'Tale of Tamlane,' in that elegant work called *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. ii. p. 174, second edition.



END OF VOL. XXXIX.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.









